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JULY 15 & 22, 1991 • $2.95

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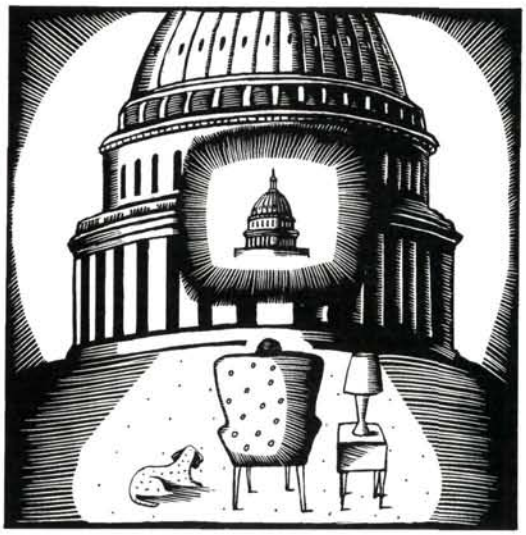

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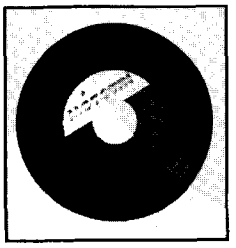

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FROM WASHINGTON

Life terms

The great advantage of the right-to-life side in the abortion debate is its moral clarity. Louisiana's new anti-abortion law, enacted June 18 over Governor Buddy Roemer's veto, declares, "Life begins at conception and . . . is a continuum until the time of death." It defines the term "unborn child" as "offspring of human beings from the moment of conception. . . ."

If the fetus is a fully human being with the same moral claims as any other from the moment of conception, it is only reasonable that doctors who kill fetuses by performing abortions should be punished with up to ten years in prison and a $100,000 fine. What's harder to understand, given this presumption, is why this statute—the toughest in the nation, a direct challenge to *Roe* v. *Wade*—should explicitly exempt from any punishment the woman who procures an abortion. Yet it does.

The same anomaly arose during one of the 1988 presidential debates. Michael Dukakis accused George Bush of wanting to brand women who seek abortions as criminals. Bush burbled that while he opposes abortion, "I haven't sorted out the penalties." The next morning campaign manager James Baker declared, "Frankly, he [Bush] thinks that a woman in a situation like that would be more properly considered an additional victim."

That sounds compassionate, but it is nonsense. If every fetus is a fully human being, a woman who procures an abortion is exactly like someone who hires a gunman to murder her child. Hardly a "victim." Yet when a pro-choice Louisiana legislator introduced an amendment to the abortion bill imposing penalties on the patient as well as the doctor, the pro-life majority saw this—quite accurately—as sabotage and it got only two votes.

In January Utah enacted an anti-abortion law almost as restrictive as Louisiana's. After the bill passed, the ACLU discovered that this law, combined with an earlier law defining murder to include the killing of a fetus except in a legal abortion, could lead to the death penalty (by firing squad!) for both doctor and patient. The bill's author protested, "It was an innocent oversight. We specifically amended the bill to try to avoid penalties on the woman." Nevertheless, to make absolutely sure the patient would not be punished, and even the doctor would not be tried for murder, the abortion law and the murder statute were both amended once again.

According to the National Abortion Rights Action League, before *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973), sixteen states actually did have laws on the books punishing women who had abortions, and others made the woman patient potentially liable under statutes about aiding and abetting crimes, etc. If states are allowed to ban abortion once again, it will require Utah-style contortions to make sure that the normal logic of criminal law—that someone who desires, seeks, arranges, and pays for a crime is guilty of the crime—is derailed in this particular situation.

There will be problems, too, with self-administered abortifacients like RU-486. Is the woman who doses herself a victimizing doctor or a victimized patient? There is already a dispute over whether the new Louisiana law covers forms of birth control, like the IUD, that may technically work post-conception. A National Right to Life Committee spokesman insists airily that all that stuff about "life beginning at conception" is just "in the preamble," and therefore apparently doesn't count. The "actual operative language of the bill" requires "specific intent" to terminate a known pregnancy, and therefore mere use of an IUD wouldn't count. That may be correct as statutory interpretation, but as moral logic it doesn't work. If the fetus is a human being from the moment of conception, using a device that would destroy such a fetus is, at best, like setting a house on fire with the intention of killing anyone inside but without knowing for sure who was there. Hardly blameless.

The point, though, is not that women are likely to be punished as criminals for seeking an abortion or using birth control. The point is that even abortion's strongest opponents turn logical somersaults to avoid punishing women abortion customers. What this reveals is that they don't really think abortion is the equivalent of murder. That is, they don't really believe that every fetus from the moment of conception has the same moral claims as a post-birth human being. Or at least they are unwilling to defend the implications of that belief. Exceptions permitting abortions for victims of rape and incest, which most right-to-lifers support, raise the same logical problem.

If abortion opponents would abandon their false claim to moral clarity, we could have a useful debate about what reasons for abortion are better than others and when in its development the fetus acquires claims that can override the various reasons a woman might have for wishing to terminate her pregnancy. But abandoning abortion-is-baby-killing would mean giving up the best weapon in the propaganda battle. And admitting that the moral issue is inherently muddled might dangerously incline an honest person to the pro-choicers' conclusion: that, in most circumstances at least, the decision should be left to the woman who has to live with the consequences.

That's why people cling to absolutist rhetoric who can't possibly believe it. The official Republican Party position, as expressed in its 1988 platform, is that "the Fourteenth Amendment's protections apply to unborn children." The Fourteenth Amendment guarantees to every person "the equal protection of the laws." If the fetus is to be considered a person under the Fourteenth Amendment, then states that punish murder (all states, of course) would have to treat abortion—the purposeful killing of a fetus—exactly like murder. If a state regards people who arrange for a murder to be guilty of murder themselves (as all states do), that state would have to prosecute as murderers women who procure abortions. If a state has the death penalty (as the Republican platform strongly recommends), that penalty would have to apply equally to murderers of fetuses.

In a way, though, such ridiculous absolutism is just a response to the absolutism of the other side of the abortion debate. Pro-choicers have insisted since 1973 that the extreme abortion-rights view is inscribed somewhere in the Constitution. The debate for eighteen years has not been over who decides about abortion—the state or the individual? It has been over who decides who decides—the legislature or the courts? This is one argument it seems the abortion rights side is about to lose.

But that may be no bad thing. If one message of the pro-choice movement is that abortion is not a question that lends itself to simple moral absolutes, doesn't it follow that the question is not one for courts to settle absolutely one way or the other? Isn't it better treated as a matter for the democratic process to struggle with and reach a decision that the majority can feel comfortable with?

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 15 & 22, 1991

MR. SOBOL'S PLANET

Like all products of a committee, the recent report presented to New York's commissioner of education, Thomas Sobol, is for the most part banal, bland, and leadenly written. In recommending a multicultural reform of high school education, it warily straddles many a fence. It suggests, for instance, that "education must respond to the joint imperatives of educating toward citizenship in a common polity while respecting and taking account of continuing distinctiveness." It strongly endorses the utterly unobjectionable idea of incorporating the contributions of women, blacks, homosexuals, Hispanics, American Indians, and various ethnic groups into the straw-person white male approach to American and world history. It calls for an end to shallow and misleading treatments of foreign cultures. It argues for "a comprehensive developmental approach to the social studies."

The report was commissioned in February last year, and the committee included members of varied academic distinction and more varied views—from the Afrocentric Asa Hilliard to the social scientist Nathan Glazer. An earlier draft was notably more laden with Afrocentric rhetoric. But the predictably platitudinous page of this report cannot fully conceal something more disturbing than the eye-catching curricular additions already seized upon by the press (the notion that Thanksgiving is an ethnocentric holiday, for example, or the observation, long acknowledged in New York's curriculum, that Columbus did not "discover" an unpopulated America). What is really troubling is the report's less obvious catechism of assumptions about individual and social life: that ethnicity is, and should be, the guiding presence in human life and history; that there is no other means to judge or understand different cultures; that origins are fate, and where you start matters more than where you end; that the stories of all ethnicities, since they are stories about origins, are essentially the same; that all knowledge is socially constructed; that a lack of information, a paucity of detail, about the past assists, rather than hinders, the understanding of the world and of one's place in it; that the written word is overemphasized in our current pedagogy.

As Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., one of the few dissenters on the commission, has pointed out (see "Equal But Separate" by C. Vann Woodward, page 41), what is at issue here is not at all the inclusion of various American minorities into a coherent, factual account of this country's history and geography. Let a hundred flowers bloom. At issue, rather, is the nature of the pedagogy that will install these cultures in the minds of our children—the replacement of any notion of a factual account of our country's history or geography with a curriculum geared primarily to attack the notion of objectivity itself, to delegitimate the idea of critical distance and replace it with an ideal of knowledge acquired through participation, through the unmediated illuminations that are conferred by ethnicity, which is the highest intellectual authority.

To cite a few examples: "Racism [is] the fundamental schism in American society which the curriculum must address." The curriculum's goal is "to facilitate this difficult and ongoing process of promoting empathetic sensibility and personal awareness" by asking such questions as: "(a) Who am I? (b) What is/are my cultural heritage(s)? (c) Why should I be proud of them?" ("What is an American?" is question (f).) "The subject matter should be treated as socially con-

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structed and therefore tentative—as is all knowledge." "The information-dominant approach to the social studies curriculum fails as a vehicle for multicultural education in the same way it fails in a full treatment of any topic." "Students need to see 'race' as a cultural phenomenon, not a physical description, and need to be able to examine its history and how it has been used." "Standard definitions of 'achievement' . . . omit the seemingly ordinary lives of people of all groups—lives which, in aggregate, help us understand the human experience of a time and place."

Throughout the report, it is possible to detect the influence of Afrocentrism proper, dressed up in more anodyne language. The report argues, for example, that Egypt is wrongly regarded as part of the "Middle East" (itself an ethnocentric term), that minorities in the United States are in fact majorities throughout the world, and that the European renaissance was the "culmination of cultural and technological developments from virtually every part of the world." All of this is code for the Afrocentric doctrines that ancient Egypt was a black-African society and the source of all Western civilization, and that black Americans are not Americans, but rather part of an African "diaspora." And the code isn't even that hard to crack: it is dispelled by the comments by Afrocentric scholars, who outline these doctrines with greater frankness (and in high school prose) in appendices.

There are both political and intellectual objections to be made to this report. The political objection, eloquently argued in Mr. Schlesinger's dissent, is that it delegates the idea and the history of America to the status of a footnote to the story of ethnicity. The story of race in America—the massacre of the American Indians; the horror of slavery; the denial of civil rights in the South and elsewhere; the prejudices that afflicted, among others, the Irish, Poles, Italians, Jews, and Japanese; and the continuous, moving struggle to overcome those injustices—is indeed central to any American history. But a primary concentration on it—to the marginalization of economics, of political ideas, of the Constitution, of the inclusive creed of America—is a destructive course, which no society can pursue for long without precipitating its own unraveling. As Mr. Schlesinger puts it:

> Should public education move in this direction, it will only increase the fragmentation, resegregation, and self-ghettoization of American life. The bonds of national cohesion in the republic are sufficiently fragile already. Public education should aim to strengthen those bonds, not to weaken them. Of course Americans should be free (as they always have been, and have often done) to cultivate ancestral customs and traditions. But the function of the schools is surely to teach what holds Americans together as well as to teach what sets them apart. The alternative to integration is disintegration.

But the intellectual objection is perhaps more powerful and more urgent: the objects of these reforms, after all, are schools. What this report subtly does is degrade the notion of factual truth in the American curriculum, to replace factual truth with lived truth, the knowledge of the other with the expression of self. Of course, facts are troublesome things, as Ronald Reagan nearly said, and objectivity is often a mask for interests. Nobody, least of all this magazine, is recommending a smug return to a naive positivism. But the problem with positivism hardly justifies the rampant and self-pleasing subjectivism that this report exemplifies. The facts (even at this late date, we insist, the term may be used without embarrassment) are far less contestable—and contested in American society today—than the multiculturalists claim.

Some of these facts are those that multiculturalists rightly draw attention to: the cultural and social plight of ethnic minorities, the complexity of many cultures that Europeans have too often dismissed before understanding. But others—the contribution of English legal and constitutional thought to American institutions, the success of Western liberal democracy compared with other forms of political order, the history of political and cultural freedom that the American experiment has witnessed—do not conform to the ethnic consciousness-raising the commission emphasizes, and so they are downplayed, or presented only in the light of the former. The point is that only an emphasis on empirical information—combined with a critical approach to it—can ever do justice to *all* of this. Before children are taught to feel, they need to be taught to know. The difference between an empirically inclusive curriculum and the Sobol Commission's recommendation is the difference between education and sentiment.

Objectivity is not oppression. Indeed, it is one of the great weapons against oppression. No one has been truly liberated until she has been liberated by a fact. The Sobol Commission offers an inadvertent illustration of this, when it insists upon the use of "enslaved person" rather than "slave" in the history of American blacks. Slave, the report argues, seems not to convey the personhood of the victim. But was not the essence of slavery to deny the victim his or her personhood? It is "enslaved person" that is the euphemism, the politically inspired distortion of history by language, the feeling about the present masquerading as a perception about the past, the usage that drains the extremity from the story of black America, that robs the story of its sting. The multiculturalists are right when they claim that our children do not need to be protected from the past, that the whole thing must be given to them. But then, we say, fine, the *whole* thing, all the particulars, high and low, exalting and dispiriting. That is the story of America, and it is a story that still needs to be told.

NOTEBOOK

SHOOTDOWN: Last week Air Force spokeswoman Kathy Blevins helpfully explained the rationale behind

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the interrogation of Captain Greg Greeley, who was recently discharged from the Air Force for being a homosexual. Mr. Greeley was offered immunity from prosecution in exchange for naming fellow homosexuals in the Air Force. Ms. Blevins crashed in flames when, according to *The Washington Post*, she said, "We're questioning him because he had a clearance for classified information and the fact that we just found out . . . he claims he is a homosexual. Somebody could use that against him. We're questioning him to make sure he is under no threats." If Mr. Greeley claims he is a homosexual, how exactly could someone blackmail him? By threatening to reveal he's really a closet hetero?

MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY: Senator Robert Byrd's secret plan to move the entire federal government to West Virginia continues apace. (See "Appalachian Spring," May 6.) His latest target: the CIA. Last week the senator announced a plan to close more than twenty agency offices in the Washington area, moving 3,000 employees to Jefferson County, West Virginia. What would all those spooks do in wild, wonderful, West Virginia? Organize the first deep-cover Bluegrass band?

WANDERLUST: Richard Nixon had a thing about tape recordings. Billy Carter had Muammar Qaddafi. Ed Meese had Wedtech. Gary Hart had Donna Rice. John Sununu has an uncontrollable urge for luxury travel. What has been missing from all the reports about the Sununu misdemeanors is why he wants to move around so much in the first place. Of course members of Congress hop corporate jets all the time for private and political travel. Cabinet members use government cars and planes for personal travel. But Mr. Sununu is a special case. New York in a day for a *stamp auction*? Sununu's travel addiction continued even after being caught, after public warnings, after the risk of losing his job was clear. Is the man that desperate to stay on the move? We suspect some deeper insecurities are at work here, and some deeper remedies are needed. Maybe a 12-step plan. Every step on foot, of course.

NYMPHOMANIA: It appears that Washington's Desert Storm parade will cost even more than the original estimate of $12 million. The reason: "a major accidental situation," in the words of Hirshhorn Museum spokesman Sidney Lawrence. Gravel and dust accidentally raised by the turbulence of two helicopters landing on the Mall damaged twenty-two of the museum garden's statues. Among those sandblasted were statues by Auguste Rodin and Henry Moore. The worst damaged was Aristide Maillol's *Nymph-Central Figure for the Three Graces*, who "had her behind dimpled," according to Mr. Lawrence. The cost of this bureaucratic "miscommunication" has not yet been determined, but sculpture conservator Lee Aks said the helicopters did as much damage as would naturally occur in ten years. He said that he would spend most of June and July cleaning and rewaxing the surfaces. Let's hope Jesse Helms doesn't catch him in the act.

ROBBING HOODS: Down in Managua, Sandinista thugs are staging violent demonstrations to protest efforts by the National Assembly to recover tens of millions of dollars' worth of luxury property their leaders stole after they lost the national election to Violeta Chamorro in February 1990. The property includes two haciendas seized by former President Daniel Ortega; the largest single farm in Nicaragua, conscripted by former Agriculture Minister Jaime Wheelock; and a hillside mansion requisitioned by former Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto. Was this what they meant by "land reform"?

BEACH READING: This is a double issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC and the magazine will not appear next week. The editors will spend their time off carefully reading the forty or so books Alice Mayhew meticulously edited last year. ●

The case for medicinal marijuana.

OUT OF JOINT

By Brian Hecht

Last week the Public Health Service announced that it will phase out its program of allowing seriously ill patients to smoke marijuana. The reason seems to have little to do with the effectiveness of pot in relieving various medical symptoms and a lot to do with the politics of the "drug war." With the recent attention pot has received as an appetite-enhancer in AIDS cases, the government correctly anticipated a flood of applications from AIDS patients for "compassionate" approval of the drug. AIDS activists, who have had much success in liberalizing the prescription drug approval process, may have met their match.

The debate over the medical use of marijuana started two decades ago and has hinged on its effectiveness in treating glaucoma, spasticity, and chemotherapy-induced nausea. Pot, like heroin, is classified by the Drug Enforcement Administration as a Schedule I drug, which means it has a high potential for abuse, induces harmful side effects, and has "no currently

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accepted medical use in treatment in the United States." Pot advocates argue that marijuana should be moved to the category of Schedule II drugs, which also have a high potential for abuse and can have bad side effects, but are considered to be useful medically and thus can be prescribed by physicians. Interestingly, cocaine—the drug war's No. 1 bogey—is a Schedule II drug.

In 1985 the government did recognize that the principal active ingredient in marijuana—delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol, or THC—has medical use. A synthetic drug containing THC is now available by prescription under the name Marinol, manufactured by Unimed Pharmaceuticals. Why does the government allow THC pills but not marijuana joints? THC has been put through a level of testing acceptable to the Food and Drug Administration. Because of the expense, this typically requires a pharmaceutical-industry corporate sponsor, which pot—a plant that grows like a weed and requires no processing—is unlikely to attract.

Nevertheless, in response to a 1972 petition for rescheduling filed by NORML and other pot advocacy groups, in 1988 DEA administrative law judge Francis L. Young ruled that the ban on prescription pot is "unreasonable, arbitrary, and capricious." The DEA chose to ignore his recommendation for rescheduling, calling the medical use of marijuana a "cruel and dangerous hoax." Then this April the U.S. Court of Appeals in D.C. ordered the DEA to change three of its eight criteria for reclassification. Under those three criteria, a drug can be removed from Schedule I only if it is generally (i.e., legally) available and used in the medical community; by definition, the court noted, these are conditions that an illegal drug can never meet. The decision might appear to be a big victory for the medical use of marijuana. But the court did approve five of the DEA criteria, and pot advocates, who think the DEA will have no trouble reshaping the other three to satisfy the court, see this judicial path to rescheduling as effectively closed.

The only other path (short of congressional action) is through the FDA, which has the authority to tell the DEA that a drug has "currently accepted medical use" and that it should be rescheduled. The hope among pot and AIDS activists had been that the onslaught of "compassionate" approval applications by AIDS patients and their doctors—which began last year when two AIDS patients, Barbara and Kenny Jenks, were arrested for growing marijuana to treat themselves—would force the FDA to recognize marijuana's medical use. Instead, the Public Health Service, which oversees the FDA, has supported its decision with the same argument the DEA has been using for years: evidence of the medical value of marijuana is purely anecdotal and the drug has not been rendered safe.

Pot advocates acknowledge that although there is copious research on marijuana, they are short on the kinds of institutionally sponsored studies that would typically satisfy the FDA. And since marijuana treatment of appetite loss in AIDS patients is very new, there are no formal studies. Nevertheless, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that the medical benefits of using marijuana outweigh the risks. The debate can be boiled down to three questions: (1) Is the drug safe? (2) Does it work? and (3) How does it compare with other available drugs?

The DEA argues that marijuana contains more than 400 chemicals, which appear in widely varying proportions and whose chemical properties are not completely known. Marijuana's side effects, it claims, are extensive, though not fully understood. Pot causes acute changes in heart and circulation rates, has "produced genetic and non-genetic birth defects in many animal species," can reduce sperm count, and "may also have a toxic effect on the human brain." Lately the government, especially Herbert Kleber of the Office of National Drug Control Policy, has been pointing out the irony of using marijuana—which itself suppresses the immune system—in treating Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.

Although pot advocates dispute the extent of marijuana's side effects, they point out that all drugs have side effects, and that in the case of pot, as with other drugs, such reactions (even immune suppression) need to be weighed against the benefits. They note that government-approved THC also suppresses the immune system. (It gets you high too.) They add that common anti-emetic (anti-vomiting) drugs such as Compazine and Decadron can have side effects far worse than those of marijuana, such as liver damage and death. Dr. Ivan Silverberg, an oncologist who has spoken with hundreds of cancer patients who use marijuana, testified in 1988 that "the only side effect I've seen would be sedation," which he characterized as "mild." A study conducted by the state of New Mexico found adverse effects in only three of 250 patients tested. And if we may venture into the realm of "anecdotal" evidence, it is worth noting that tens of millions of Americans—including U.S. senators, prospective Supreme Court judges, and maybe even First Ladies—have smoked pot without suffering noticeable damage. No one has ever died of a marijuana overdose; the lethal dosage is so high that no human could ever smoke enough pot to kill himself.

So is pot effective? The DEA argues that its use in treating nausea, glaucoma, and spasticity has not been sufficiently proved by double-blind studies. And the evidence for AIDS treatment, it claims, is nonexistent. Yet in 1973 Dr. Leo E. Hollister of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Palo Alto proved scientifically what anyone who has ever smoked pot will tell you: marijuana gives you the munchies. Dr. Ernest Abel of Berkeley confirmed Hollister's results later that year. In a now-famous 1975 study, Drs. Steven Sallan and Norman Zinberg at Boston's Sidney Farber Cancer Research Center also confirmed that pot is effective as an anti-emetic. And a 1979 double-blind and placebo-

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WHERE WE STAND

BY ALBERT SHANKER, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS

WHAT COMMITMENT TO EDUCATION?

Mr. Bush's Education Package

When President Bush first talked about his education plan this spring, I had some questions and reservations, but there also seemed to be good reason for optimism. The president and governors had already agreed on ambitious national education goals, and now the president was making education a top priority for the national government. It was the first time any president had done this, and I hoped a legislative package that would help in meeting the national goals would follow. But was I in for a big disappointment when the president presented his legislative package to the Congress!

The heart of the president's legislative package has nothing to do with meeting the national education goals. Its real center is his version of school choice, which would allow public money to go to private schools. In fact, the proposed legislation calls for more money to stimulate school choice plans than to develop the revolutionary, break-the-mold schools about which there has been so much talk. And, in the name of choice, the proposed legislation would also risk destroying the effectiveness of Chapter 1, the $6-billion program that represents the federal government's largest single expenditure on K-12 education.

Chapter 1 was designed to provide special programs for poor children by concentrating federal resources in the schools these children attend in greatest numbers. Though the amount provided for each child is relatively small, schools that have a number of these kids are able to mount programs to fit their students' special needs. But the choice feature of the new legislation would require that federal dollars go with individual children who move to other public or to private schools. This would dilute the effectiveness of Chapter 1—and perhaps even destroy it.

Let's say a school uses Chapter 1 funds to hire a remedial reading teacher and a couple of school aides to visit the homes of kids who are often absent. If a number of kids take their Chapter 1 funds elsewhere and the school has to cut the positions, the kids who are left will lose these services. In fact, Chapter 1 schools would have a hard time hiring personnel or even buying supplies for special programs because they couldn't be sure about how much money they'd have until the first day of school.

Is the administration suggesting this radical change because Chapter 1 doesn't work—and because choice does? There's no evidence that choice boosts student achievement, but Chapter 1 has been a big success, even though it's never been fully or generously funded. Over the past 20 years, we've seen a dramatic rise in the school achievement levels of poor and minority youngsters, and the gap separating their achievement and that of other children has narrowed substantially. The president's proposal for changing the way Chapter 1 works would replace a program everyone agrees is helping poor children with a plan whose virtues we have to take on faith.

While choice is writ large in the president's legislative package, it's hard to find any solid programs to help us achieve the nation's education goals. For example, the package totally ignores one of the most important goals: "By the year 2000, all children in America will start school ready to learn." Kids who don't have proper medical care and who come to school hungry are not going to be ready to learn. And if we don't achieve this first goal, all the others will be impossible. Yet the proposed legislation has nothing to say about any program for preschoolers. Even Head Start, which has done an excellent job of getting poor children ready for school, has never been fully funded.

And take another of the goals we can hardly afford to ignore: "By the year 2000, U.S. students will be first in the world in science and mathematics achievement." The president's plan offers some financial incentives for science and math achievement in the Merit Schools program and some training for some teachers in the "Governors' Academies," but these are a drop in the bucket—almost a placebo—when you consider the magnitude of our problem in this area. We need a massive retraining of teachers, especially those who teach elementary math and science. Many of them have never been properly prepared to teach these subjects, and yet we expect them to work miracles in helping boost our students' math and science achievement to meet world-class standards. This won't happen unless we give them the training to do the job.

There are no new ideas and no smart ideas in President Bush's proposal—and no willingness to commit resources. We know how to achieve ambitious goals: We decide they are important and we devote human and financial resources in abundance to achieve them. That's how we put a man on the moon; that's how we won the war in the Persian Gulf. After looking at this legislative program, who would give us a chance of achieving our education goals by the year 2000? I think the answer is *nobody*.

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controlled study by Dr. Alfred Chang of the National Cancer Institute confirmed the 1975 results. Several states, including New Mexico, Michigan, and New York, in independent studies over the last twenty years, have also proved pot's effectiveness as an anti-emetic. And besides, notes Dr. John Morgan of CUNY Medical School, there is no rule that says a drug must be the best at what it does to warrant approval. If it is effective in even a small number of cases, it deserves serious attention as a therapeutic product.

The new Health and Human Services policy directive says that patients applying for medicinal marijuana must first try Marinol. But pot advocates point out that marijuana is more effective than Marinol. In a 1988 study by Dr. Vincent Vinciguerra published in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, 29 percent of those who did not respond to oral THC did respond to smoked marijuana. The NCI/Chang study found that smoke from marijuana, absorbed through the lungs, acts on the brain almost immediately, while orally ingested pills can leave a nauseous cancer patient to suffer for several hours. Besides, notes CUNY's Morgan, "It is absurd that we only have an oral tablet" to treat vomiting. It's like treating diarrhea with a suppository.

But if the government is truly looking to satisfy its "currently accepted medical use" criteria, officials should turn to a just-published study in the *Journal of Clinical Oncology*, conducted by Richard Doblin and Mark A. R. Kleiman of Harvard's Kennedy School. Forty-eight percent of oncologists responding said they would prescribe marijuana to some of their patients if it were legal. Fifty-four percent said they thought smoked marijuana should be available by prescription, and 44 percent said they had recommended pot to a patient, even though it is illegal.

In justifying the new decision, PHS chief James O. Mason told me: "It puts the government in sort of a tenuous situation to be passing out marijuana cigarettes that can be used by a person that can cloud their judgment if they choose to use an automobile or get out in the street or in the context of sexual behavior. I think it sends a signal that's not the best signal." Mason's rationale was uncannily prophesied by Judge Young in his 1988 decision: "There are those who, in all sincerity, argue that the transfer of marijuana to Schedule II will 'send a signal' that marijuana is 'OK' generally for recreational use. This argument is specious. . . . If marijuana should be placed in Schedule II, in obedience to the law, then that is where marijuana should be placed, regardless of misinterpretation of the placement by some." The fact that AIDS has been added to the list of conditions treatable by pot should have helped, not hindered, efforts at reclassification.

Marijuana, it seems, does indeed cloud the mind. But in this instance, the clouded minds are in government buildings, not in doctors' offices or patients' sick rooms. ●

The right of appeal under fire.

HABEAS CORPSE

By David Bruck and Leslie Harris

As it ended its 1990-91 term this week, the Supreme Court ruled that the federal courts cannot consider the appeal of a Virginia death-row inmate named Roger Coleman because, nearly five years ago, Coleman's court-appointed lawyer was three days late in filing a previous appeal in the Virginia Supreme Court. Together with a decision earlier this year that may virtually eliminate second federal appeals, the Court majority has now enacted in a couple of 6-3 votes much of the Bush administration's 1991 legislative program for speeding up executions.

The Supreme Court has not, however, gone so far as to accept former Attorney General Ed Meese's proposal to demolish outright the entire system of federal habeas corpus review of state criminal convictions. Which means, in the view of the drafters of the Bush 1991 crime bill now being debated in the Senate, that there's still work to be done.

News accounts of the crime bill's habeas "reform" section usually describe it as having something to do with speeding up federal appeals in death penalty cases. That may be what the Senate thought it was voting for on June 26 when it approved the Bush habeas proposals by a 58-40 vote. But in fact, the administration has something much more ambitious in mind.

Federal habeas corpus is the system this country has used since the Civil War to ensure that the Constitution's grand but vague guarantee of "due process of law" means the same thing in all the states. More than half a million Americans are incarcerated in state prisons. Nearly 2,500 are on death row. Most Americans assume that if they or someone they cared about was unjustly convicted of a crime and tossed into one or the other of these heaps, they could eventually appeal at the federal level. But the Supreme Court itself can hear only a few dozen criminal cases each year. Therefore, federal law provides habeas corpus review as a legal tool by which any state prisoner can ask a federal district court judge to determine whether his conviction or sentence violates his constitutional right to due process of law. In capital cases decided over the past fifteen years, federal courts have found such violations in no fewer than 40 percent of the convictions and sentences reviewed. But if the administration has its way, this long-standing right of American citizens to federal review of their federal constitutional rights will be withdrawn.

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The provision that would effectively repeal federal habeas corpus is contained in one rather innocuous-sounding sentence buried on page 40 of the 154-page bill. Under this proposal, the federal courts would be forbidden to grant relief "with respect to any claim that has been fully and fairly adjudicated in State proceedings." It's important to note that this wording doesn't require the state proceedings to arrive at a fair or constitutional *result.* Since state prisoners are already required to exhaust every available appeal in the state courts before filing a petition for habeas corpus in federal court, this change would mean that the federal courts would be limited to deciding whether the appeal procedure in the state courts was reasonably orderly and fair. If it was, the federal courts could not grant relief, even if the state courts' decision was wrong. (In fact, the Bush bill would *only* protect wrong state court decisions, because under current law if the state courts correctly turn down a prisoner's appeal, a federal court will turn it down too.)

A few recent cases illustrate what this could mean. Testifying before a House subcommittee last month, Florida Supreme Court Justice Rosemary Barkett told the story of Joseph Green Brown, who spent thirteen years on Florida's death row before a federal appeals court granted his petition for habeas corpus and ordered a new trial after finding that the prosecution knowingly hid crucial evidence from the trial jury. As it turned out, the prosecution had so little valid evidence against Brown that after the federal court ordered a new trial, the prosecutor dropped the charges against him and let him go home. Justice Barkett acknowledged that the Florida Supreme Court had "fully and fairly" considered Brown's claim before he went to federal court—and rejected it. Brown came within a few days of execution, and if the federal court had lacked the power to overrule the Florida Supreme Court, he would be dead now.

Brown's story is unusual but not unique. Two other Florida death-row inmates, Earnest Miller and William Jent, were freed in 1987 after federal court intervention, again because the state had concealed evidence casting doubt on their guilt. And in 1988 a North Carolina federal court ordered a new trial for a black death-row inmate named Robert McDowell because the prosecutor had hidden from the jury the fact that three eyewitnesses to the murder had initially told police that the killer was white.

Nor is suppression of evidence of innocence the only type of serious constitutional error that federal courts have corrected. In Georgia alone federal courts have recently granted habeas relief because of evidence—all of it previously rejected by the Georgia state courts—that defendants in two separate cases were so mentally incapacitated that they couldn't understand the proceedings at which they were sentenced to death; that a prosecutor instructed a clerk of the court to exclude blacks from jury service; that a court-appointed lawyer in a capital murder case referred to his black client as a "nigger" in front of the jury; and that another black defendant in an interracial rape-murder case was defended by an incompetent attorney in his 80s who turned out to be an Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

Administration officials don't mention these cases as they campaign to do away with federal review of state criminal convictions. They tell instead about death penalty cases in which the defendant was guilty, the state court trial was fair, and yet the federal habeas appeals drag on for years. The trick is to talk about the cases that don't need federal habeas review, while ignoring the ones that do, and to focus strictly on capital cases, even though they make up no more than about one percent of the habeas cases filed in the federal courts each year.

The reasons for delays in capital cases are complex and much in dispute. An American Bar Association study recently found that the single biggest reason is that most death-sentencing states refuse to train, appoint, and pay competent defense counsel to represent indigent defendants at trial. The result is error-laden trials that take years of appeals to sort out. The Democratic alternative to the Bush bill, sponsored by Senate Judiciary Committee chairman Joseph Biden, attempts to remedy the chronic lack of adequate defense services at the trial level. But prosecutors in the death belt states of the South and Southwest stridently oppose Biden's idea, and the Bush bill includes nothing on that subject.

In any event, the administration's proposed time limits are beside the point, since most federal habeas proceedings would be empty rituals if the federal courts could not grant relief on any ground already "fully and fairly" considered by the state courts. Indeed, the "full and fair" provision would so completely eviscerate federal habeas corpus review that it's hard to avoid the suspicion that the other fifteen pages of highly technical habeas revisions in the crime bill aren't just there for camouflage.

The idea of eliminating federal oversight of state criminal courts has been around for a long time. Its high-water mark was the Supreme Court's notorious 1915 decision in the case of Leo Frank, a Jewish manufacturer sentenced to death in Atlanta for the rape and murder of a Christian employee. Dismissing Frank's claim that his trial had been a travesty dominated by an anti-Semitic mob, the Supreme Court ruled that the federal courts had to stay out of the case because Frank's appeal had been considered and rejected by the Georgia Supreme Court after "full review."

The Supreme Court reversed itself eight years later, ruling in a similar case that a state court's decision on appeal could not keep the federal courts from upholding a prisoner's federal constitutional rights. That has remained the law of federal habeas corpus ever since—though the Court's restoration of federal habeas corpus came too late to help Leo Frank, who had been

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lynched a few months after the Supreme Court denied his petition.

To be sure, federal habeas corpus intervention in state criminal cases remained rare until the 1950s, and as late as the mid-1940s the Supreme Court occasionally referred to the obligation of federal courts to defer to state supreme courts' rejection of prisoners' legal claims. California Attorney General Dan Lungren, campaigning on Capitol Hill this month for adoption of the "full and fair" standard in the Bush crime bill, has been quoting these 1940s Supreme Court decisions to senators and representatives as examples of the sort of judicial restraint that Congress should restore by passing the Bush habeas proposal.

But before anyone mistakes the 1940s for the good old days, we might recall what sorts of convictions passed muster in the state supreme courts of that era. Consider the prosecution of George Thomas, a black man charged with the rape of a white woman in Georgetown, South Carolina, just before Christmas 1940. His arrest triggered several days of violence by white vigilantes that took a National Guard unit to stop, and authorities saved Thomas from lynching only by sneaking him halfway across the state to the penitentiary. Nevertheless, when Thomas was brought back to stand trial in Georgetown just six weeks later, the trial judge refused his request to move the trial, impaneled an all-white jury (in a county that was two-thirds black), and within forty-eight hours had pronounced the jury's guilty verdict and death sentence. When Thomas appealed to the South Carolina Supreme Court, the judge filed a formal report that made no mention of the rioting and attempted lynching and said Thomas had been taken to the state penitentiary after his arrest "due to the congested condition at the county jail." Based largely on what the trial judge had told it, the South Carolina Supreme Court upheld his refusal to move the trial out of Georgetown. Thomas was electrocuted on February 20, 1942, five weeks after the state Supreme Court turned down his appeal.

By any ordinary reckoning, Thomas's appeal received "full and fair" consideration from the South Carolina Supreme Court. So had Thomas sought habeas corpus review under the standards of 1942—or under those proposed by the administration's crime bill—the federal court would have been bound to defer to the decision of the state Supreme Court no matter how obviously unfair Thomas's trial had been. That, as a practical matter, is the sort of judicial restraint that the "full and fair" standard seeks to revive.

To most of the young Justice Department aides and state prosecutors lobbying for the administration's crime bill, the Thomas case is ancient history. But there is one member of Congress who should remember it. The judge who denied Thomas's request to move the trial, and who sealed his death sentence with his report to the state Supreme Court, was Strom Thurmond, the Senate sponsor of the administration's 1991 habeas corpus "reform" initiative.

Of course, state courts have changed since 1942. But not all the changes have been for the better. Judges are popularly elected or confirmed in forty-one states, and in recent years negative television campaigning in judicial elections, with "attack ads" focusing on a single criminal case, has become more common. In one recent California judicial election, a sitting judge ran on a platform of being 33 percent tougher than other state judges in sentencing rapists. In another, ads attacking the chief justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court for an opinion in a death penalty case informed voters that the justice "doesn't think that twenty stab wounds are enough." And in the California recall election of 1986—which few judges have forgotten—three state Supreme Court justices who had voted to reverse most of the capital sentences before them were swept from office after a campaign that featured a TV spot of a weeping mother complaining that her daughter's murderer was still alive.

Two centuries ago the Framers of the Constitution gave life tenure to federal judges to immunize them from just those sorts of pressures. And job security remains the crucial difference between state and federal judges. Judge Thurmond did the popular thing; five years later he went straight from the circuit bench to the governorship of South Carolina. California Chief Justice Rose Bird stuck to her very unpopular course, and after the next election was just another lawyer again. By contrast, when three federal appeals court judges voted in 1987 to overturn a grossly unfair conviction in a notorious Georgia murder case, 100,000 people signed petitions demanding their impeachment, but all three are still in office today (and will be until they die or choose to retire). That's the independence that life tenure brings, and only federal judges have it.

So critics are wrong to complain that federal habeas review assumes that state judges are corrupt or incompetent. Some state judges stand up courageously to the pressure to cut constitutional corners. But to argue that these judges disprove the need for independent federal review is like saying we don't need police because most people are honest.

Constitutional rights are often tremendously unpopular, as President Bush was quick to realize after the Supreme Court's flag-burning decision in 1989. He also discovered that the Bill of Rights is almost impossible to amend. But constitutional rights only matter when there are courts authorized by statute to enforce them. And for state prisoners, now just as in Leo Frank's time, the habeas corpus statute is the only source of enforcement power in federal law.

It was only a matter of time, in this Willie Horton era, before politicians started to realize how much short-term political advantage could be gained by daring their opponents to vote to preserve habeas corpus. That time has arrived. Whether there are enough members of Congress willing to withstand the soft-on-

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crime attack ads to save this part of our constitutional heritage, the next few weeks and months will tell.

DAVID BRUCK is a public defender in South Carolina. LESLIE HARRIS is chief legislative counsel for the Washington office of the ACLU.

The trouble with vouchers.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

By Abigail Thernstrom

School choice is central to the president's new educational strategy, "America 2000." It is also highly controversial, a fact that seems to baffle Lamar Alexander, the new secretary of education. Shaking his head at a recent meeting with journalists, he asked, "How did we ever get into a situation of telling parents where they have to send their kids to school?" Under the current system the more privileged parents already practice choice: they select a school by either choosing a place of residence or paying tuition. "Why can't poor parents have choices too?"

It's a legitimate question. But the seeming simplicity of the appeal to equity masks deeper complexities. Choice already has become an all-purpose slogan that means very different things to different advocates. The libertarian economist Milton Friedman has been urging educational vouchers since 1962, and Milwaukee is now implementing the nation's first voucher legislation. Two hundred and fifty-two students from low-income black families are using tax dollars to attend private institutions. Most choice plans, however, offer options only within the public sector. Some are variations on the old "magnet" theme—drawing students citywide on a voluntary basis to schools that are often distinctively defined and sometimes highly selective. Others allow parents to choose from among conventional schools that once served a particular neighborhood. Here again, plans differ. In Boston a family must select a school within one of the three large residential zones into which the city has been divided. Cambridge, on the other hand, gives students citywide choice. But in all Massachusetts choice cities considerations of racial balance govern school assignments, while in New York's largely black and Hispanic District 4 (famous for its choice plan) no classroom quotas limit parental options. Finally, some states ignore jurisdictional lines altogether. Minnesota, for instance, allows parents to select any public school (space permitting) to which they can transport their child.

The Bush administration wants choice—of any sort. Its own clearly stated preference is for publicly funded vouchers that would allow families to purchase private and parochial education if they wish. But it will take what it can get from state and local authorities. It is offering only incentives: grants to jurisdictions willing to expand parental choice in any form. Only one change in federal legislation is contemplated: a revision of the nation's largest school aid program (Chapter 1) to ensure that federal dollars follow children to the schools their families select, state and local policies permitting. Chapter 1 aid to *parochial* schools does raise constitutional issues, but a recent Eighth Circuit Court decision may suggest a resolution. Put the Chapter 1 classrooms in mobile units outside the school building, the court said, and they will be "physically and educationally separate from the functions of the parochial school, and [thus] religiously neutral."

The administration's recently published sourcebook, *America 2000*, depicts choice as "critical to improving our schools." In fact, it's not. There's a very strong argument for choice, but educational improvement is not part of it. The administration assumes that schools are like cars: bound to improve under competitive pressure. In a market, advocates say, good schools will flourish and multiply and bad ones will be forced to close. Yet only a sound curriculum will ensure well-educated students—students who can write a persuasive paper, who can use basic algebra, who know when Lincoln was president and where France is. Market-driven education—consumer power—won't necessarily make for more such knowledgeable students.

For one thing, lots of junk survives the consumer taste test. People don't always go for quality. Certainly parents don't always put academic quality highest on their list of educational priorities. Administrators in districts that offer public school choice know this. For instance, in Fall River, Massachusetts, which offers families limited choice, a 1990 survey indicated that the main reason parents select their first-choice school is proximity to home. Other reasons include another child in the same school, a baby sitter nearby, and the availability of extended day care. A small minority liked the atmosphere at the school and the programs offered. Similarly in Minnesota 71 percent of the families who took advantage of open enrollment in the 1987-88 school year did so for reasons of convenience, social atmosphere, or family tradition. High academic standards may actually send some kids running—three students in one Minnesota district transferred to a school with easier graduation requirements. Good athletics are also a big draw.

A market aimed at educational excellence requires both demanding and discerning consumers. But what can even the most academically determined parent of a first-grade child learn about a school? Not much. School districts like to control the flow of information in choice plans; parents thus know only what local administrators are willing to reveal. Nor are visits to schools much help. The race and social class of the

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students will be apparent, but how much else will families see? A particular class on a particular day may look deceptively good; moreover, the appealing first-grade teacher may be teaching elsewhere next year.

If parents don't demand educational quality, choice won't, like some deus ex machina, force schools to provide it. In addition, many of the nation's most celebrated choice plans offer only the most limited options. Take those in Massachusetts. Choice in the commonwealth has been primarily a means to create ethnically and racially balanced schools without resort to massive, involuntary busing. The state has remained committed to classroom quotas but hopes to make the system more palatable by offering parents some options. But classroom quotas mean a very restricted market, sharply reducing the pressure for schools to change. Markets can't work if regulations force consumers who want one brand of soap to settle for a competitor's inferior product. Choice proponents celebrate competition, while embracing constraints that strip the system of competitive pressures.

Choice proponents generally link quality and educational diversity. Yet lack of variety is not America's educational problem. The "shopping mall" high school—offering courses in Allied Communication, Properties Management, Decision Making, and the like—is a disaster because the mall is a sprawl that contains too little good merchandise. The consumer sovereignty at the heart of true educational choice may actually encourage more such sprawl—an array of smaller stores, peddling shoddy goods to satisfy every conceivable and dubious taste.

The sourcebook concedes that with vouchers, schools would have to "serve the public" and be "accountable to public authority." But what, precisely, does "accountability to public authority" entail? Existing private and parochial schools are minimally regulated; would such regulation suffice? And if so, would taxpayers have an adequate say in how their money is spent?

Minimal regulation presumably would allow almost any school that can attract clients (now armed with public dollars) to open its doors. That would be the point of a market, after all: consumer-driven education. But the result might be some very dubious schools—schools with values that offend the majority of taxpaying citizens whose dollars keep the schools afloat. In Milwaukee, for instance, a number of the private schools that black children are attending with public vouchers have Afrocentric curriculums. These children are exposed to teaching that is at best dubious and at worst pernicious—built on a theory of racial superiority. Alexander, asked about such schools, shrugged. He views their establishment as legitimate if chosen by the local community.

Evidently, as Alexander sees it, Afrocentric schools could "serve the public." As could David Duke schools. A common destination can be reached by different routes, he says. But means and ends are inseparable. Students can't learn dubious history and come out knowledgeable citizens. And the latter is what we ultimately want. We've always looked to our public schools to educate children in the civic culture. To teach a common language and some common values, including that of tolerance for diversity. To keep us going as one nation.

Yet here the voucher proponents may have the better argument. If current trends continue, private and parochial schools may soon be the only remaining bearers of the common culture. The traditional commitment of the public schools to forging American citizens—children with an American identity—seems to be fast waning. Increasingly students are viewed as members of permanent racial and ethnic groups with distinct cultures that rightly determine their educational needs. Keeping Cambodians Cambodian thus becomes a central pedagogical task. If the trend continues, and public education capitulates substantially to the forces of ethnic and racial separatism, what will be the argument against vouchers? With vouchers, parents who want what the public system used to offer can find it in the private sector, if need be.

There are other arguments for vouchers. A competitive market may not produce new and improved education, but inner-city kids might be better off in existing parochial schools, which have a record of success and are often more racially integrated. Vouchers might even persuade more middle-class families to stick with cities, and schools would benefit from a more committed clientele. The educational bureaucracy, too large by everyone's estimate, might shrink as power moves from the center to the individual schools and their clientele. Most important, choice is a value in itself. It enhances individual dignity and personal freedom. Americans make choices in almost every other sphere of life; we don't even have a military draft. Why insist on compulsory service in particular schools?

Would some students end up abandoned, rejected by every school of choice, as voucher opponents fear? Probably not. Already many private schools meet the needs of dysfunctional children. In any case, egalitarian concerns about the bottom 5 percent of the students can't drive educational policy for everyone else. If vouchers were to benefit 95 percent of the students, they would be a true success.

The movement is gaining ground across the political spectrum. Vouchers used to be almost exclusively a conservative cause; in the early 1970s a few liberal voices like those of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and sociologist Christopher Jencks supported them, but they were mavericks. New winds are blowing. Milwaukee's voucher plan was the work of a white Republican governor and a militant black legislator—a member of the Black Panther Party and organizer of Jesse Jackson's Wisconsin campaign. In Texas, California, New York, and Illinois voucher bills are already the subject of serious debate.

It is not yet clear whether these winds will topple the public schools, which still teach all but 10 percent of American schoolchildren. But if they continue down

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the radical multicultural road, many more parents will want to run for cover. The strongest argument against vouchers is that they threaten to further Balkanize American education and thus American culture. The strongest argument *for* vouchers is that Balkanization now seems more likely within the public system than outside it. It is not too late to stop the voucher train. But it's now or never.

ABIGAIL THERNSTROM has just completed a study of school choice in Massachusetts for the Pioneer Institute, Boston.

The big busts busted.

MOUNT RUSHMORE: THE REAL STORY

By Alex Heard

On July 4 America will observe the sort-of fiftieth anniversary of Mount Rushmore, the world's largest sculpture, and the sort-of "soaring vision" of its bold and patriotic sculptor, Gutzon Borglum. The sort-ofs are there for two reasons. In the first instance because this is an oddly calculated fiftieth. In the second, because Borglum's brand of patriotism had a weird, cranky, ugly side to it that, on the Fourth, will be meticulously airbrushed out of the picture presented to the nation.

The idea for a colossal monument in the Black Hills was proposed in 1924 by Doane Robinson, state historian of South Dakota and a booster who believed that one way to help get his state out of its boom-and-bust rut (caused by its dependence on mining and farming) was to construct a tourist attraction so massive that nobody could ignore it. Robinson wrote to Borglum, one of America's foremost sculptors, urging him to come out and find a site in the Black Hills for a sculpture depicting legendary Western figures such as Buffalo Bill and Lewis and Clark. Borglum agreed, but wanted to carve presidents instead.

The official reason for celebrating Rushmore this summer is that "America's Shrine of Democracy" never received "a proper dedication." Actually, it's been dedicated at least six times: in 1925, in a ceremony that featured men in colonial uniforms and coonskin caps; in 1927, when President Coolidge visited the site and judged the project worthy of federal largess; on July 4, 1930, when the first head—George Washington's—was completed; in August 1936, when FDR dedicated Jefferson; in 1937, when Lincoln was unveiled; and on July 2, 1939, as part of South Dakota's Golden Jubilee of Statehood, when Teddy Roosevelt's bust was christened. (So what happened in 1941? Borglum died, and with World War II looming, the government cut off funding; thus we're celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of work stoppage.)

The real motive behind this Golden Anniversary Campaign was explained last summer at a press conference held at the Rosslyn, Virginia, offices of the Gannett Foundation (a.k.a., as of July 4, the Freedom Forum), a group chaired by South Dakota native and former *USA Today* czar Al Neuharth. Basically, we're talking about a fund-raising opportunity. The Mount Rushmore National Memorial Society, a non-profit group that works with the National Park Service to preserve Mount Rushmore, hopes to bring in $40 million over the next three years, through a combination of corporate grants, private donations, and commemorative coin sales, with an eye toward upgrades and maintenance at the site. In the long run, the busts are all doomed. As *Outside* magazine pointed out recently, the Rushmore granite is eroding at a rate of one inch per 10,000 years, and within 500 generations "the presidents will look like bald little children." But in the meantime, face-lifts are needed. All four noggins have been defaced by cracks, one of the worst being a 40-foot-long fault that meanders through Washington's forehead. During the press conference, Dan Wenk, Mount Rushmore's superintendent, darkly warned reporters that if this isn't done, the Rushmore figures could become a mystery to our descendants, "like Easter Island or the Sphinx."

The campaign kick-off is the Fourth, which will witness the sort of high-stepping patrioglitzorama that has become standard operating procedure for such occasions. Bob Hope will help emcee a TV extravaganza that will also feature famous Dakotans Tom Brokaw and Mary Hart. Radio City Music Hall Productions—which handled the entertainment for the Bicentennial of Washington's Inaugural, the We The People parade celebrating the Constitution's 200th, Coca-Cola's 100th, and the soon-to-come "100th Anniversary of Basketball"—is putting on the Rushmore show. Jimmy Stewart, Mary Tyler Moore, Billy Dee Williams, and Barry Bostwick (who

ALEX HEARD is a frequent contributor.

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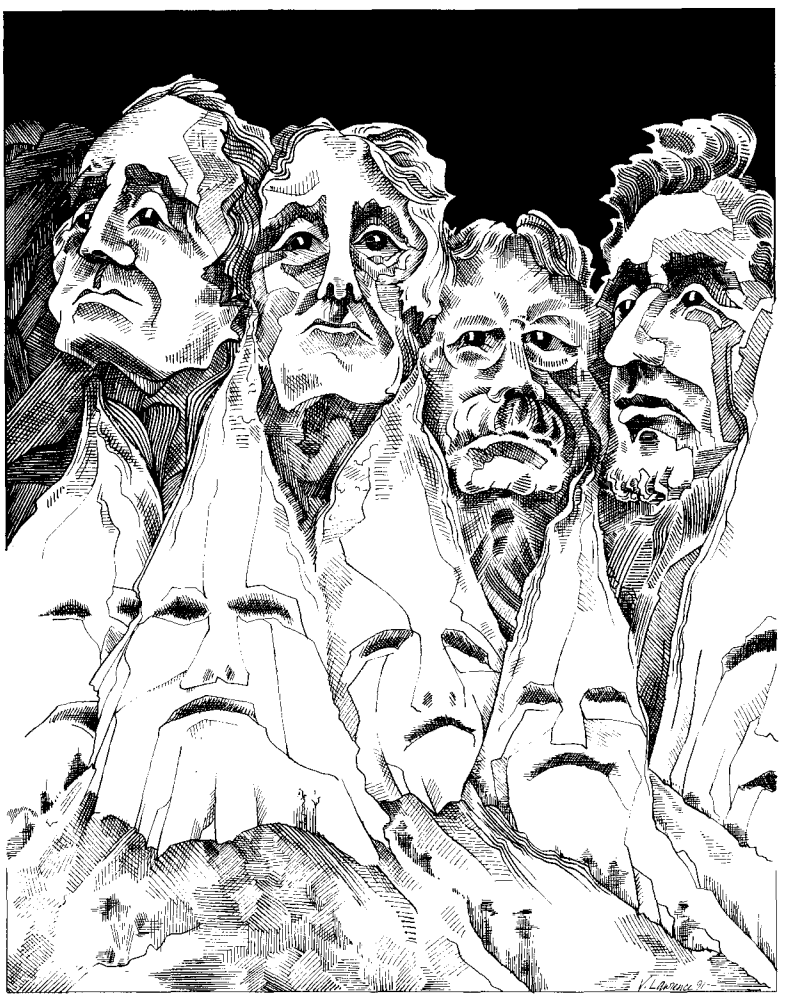
will perform his one-millionth stentorian impersonation of George Washington) will be there, hoofing and warbling their way through a pageant titled "By Dawn's Early Light." There will also be "a never-before-attempted special effect finale." (Hopeful prediction: a man in an Uncle Sam suit will make a death-defying "bungee cord" leap off Lincoln's chin.) The Rushmore people wanted to bag all five living presidents, but so far they're having trouble getting commitments. George Bush has been playing a tough game of "maybe I'll come, maybe I'll go fishing."

There was one thing, however, about the press conference that seemed strange. Gutzon Borglum's name was mentioned only twice—and quickly at that. Once in connection with the Hall of Records. And once by Neuharth, who smiled like a man who had just sat on an ice cube and chattered vaguely about Borglum's "patriotism—his intense commitment to democratic ideals."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Afterward I went to the Library of Congress, which has Borglum's papers, and looked him up. I learned that he was a many-angled, prickly person. On the up side, he was a self-made, energetic visionary—with a passion for Progressive politics and the little guy—who overcame huge obstacles to carve a monument of undeniable majesty. On the down side, he was a blowhard, racist, jingoist anti-Semite, and a member of the Ku Klux Klan during its salad days in the 1920s. In addition to Jews and blacks, he especially disliked Catholics and the "wretched refuse" who are welcomed with raised torch by the Statue of Liberty.

Check out this excerpt from one sample of Borglumania, a letter he typed up in 1923 called "SUGGESTIONS FOR IMMIGRATION." "The Nordic has ever been a camp maker: the Mediteranean [sic] has ever been a camp follower," he wrote to his friend D. C. Stephenson, Grand Dragon of the Northern Realm of the Ku Klux Klan, and a questionable figure in his own right. (In 1925 he was put in prison for thirty-one years for the murder of a woman he abducted, raped, and bit repeatedly, giving her fatal blood poisoning.) "[T]he one establishes, creates, builds; the other attaches, feeds upon, corrupts. The first founded our nation, constituted our civilization, builded [sic] our free institutions," and "while Anglo-Saxons have themselves sinned grievously against the principle of pure nationalism by illicit slave and alien servant traffic, it has been the character of the cargo that has eaten into the very moral fiber of our race character, rather than the moral depravity of Anglo-Saxon traders."

Immigration was a major issue in Borglum's day, and in "SUGGESTIONS FOR IMMIGRATION" he proposes a sweeping solution to the problem: slam the gates immediately and instruct Congress to study "the record of [Europe]'s races," the idea being to find out which countries send good stock—i.e., northern European ones—and bar or severely restrict everybody else. Immigration would be resumed on a pick-and-choose basis, with new immigrants serving probationary stints to prove they aren't lazybones. The paper's last page is labeled "NOTES." Here Borglum offers a few extra thoughts he may have intended to work into a more polished version. These would make a helluva dramatic reading for "By Dawn's Early Light." I see a gruff—but choked-up—Wilford Brimley, dressed as Borglum, standing in a lone spotlight, and saying:

> If you cross a thorough-bred with a jackass you get a mule. If you cross a pure bred with a mongrel dog you get a mongrel. So in races. . . . If you cross any of the others with each other it is curious that the lowest race in civilization is the strongest physically and breeding (crossed) is always down. A Negro and Jew will produce Negro, but Hindu and Jew—Jew; Chinese and Jew, offspring Jew; Italian and Jew, offspring Jew; any European race and Jew, offspring Jew.

The fact is that Mount Rushmore—if it's politically correct to say this . . . well, heat up the p.c. branding iron and let me have it—like many aspects of our national reality, is a mixed bag of pride-inducing and cringe-inducing facts. We won't hear about it on the Fourth, but Indians sure have a legitimate beef on the

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subject of Mount Rushmore's land deed. The mountain sits in sacred Indian territory that the U.S. government gave the Indians—exclusively and forever—in the Treaty of 1868. When wildcatting white miners found gold in the Black Hills, however, the government shifted, offering to let the Indians keep the Hills if they let us simply remove the valuable minerals. Senator William Allison of Iowa chaired a commission that went out from Washington to explain the "new realities" to the Sioux. As Dee Brown writes in *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, when Spotted Tail, a Brulé Teton, heard about Washington's offer, he "took this proposal as a ludicrous joke." But it stuck. And the Indians were eventually ejected. The Homestake Mining Company, one of the many companies that moved in, has mined the Black Hills since 1876; its CEO today is Harry Conger, chairman of the Mount Rushmore Preservation Fund.

In Borglum's case the plan seems to be to blather on about his patriotism and hope no one notices his crankier side. "By Dawn's Early Light" will have an entire segment focusing on his vision and patriotism, complete with readings from his papers. Fortunately, he left behind ample, usable raw material in the form of cornball speeches and articles with titles like "The World As I Want It" and "If I Were President." The officially boosted history of the monument is Rex Alan Smith's 1985 book, *The Carving of Mount Rushmore*. The book tells us only that Borglum was "an ardent patriot" who was never "tainted by even a hint of public or private scandal."

You get a different story in the only Borglum biography that doesn't wax away the unsightly hairs: *Six Wars at a Time*, published in 1985 by Howard and Audrey Karl Shaff. The Shaffs make it clear that Borglum was a serious anti-Semite, though they offer mitigating arguments in his favor. He was a treasured friend of many prominent Jewish leaders of the day—including Felix Frankfurter—who appear to have taken his diatribes with a grain of salt. And the Shaffs argue that Borglum came to his senses after the Nazis took power. He attacked Hitler early and publicly, and aimed his diatribes at Nazi fans like Charles Lindbergh.

Borglum's Klan involvement is another matter. At the very least, it raises "serious questions of judgment." The first invitation to Borglum to carve a monument came from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Their Atlanta president, Helen C. Plane, wrote to him, suggesting a frieze celebrating the Confederate cause on Stone Mountain, a mammoth granite rock near Atlanta. In a follow-up letter after his visit, she suggested working the noble Klan into the frieze: "[T]he KKK . . . saved us from Negro domination and carpetbag rule. . . . Why not represent a small group of them in their nightly uniform approaching in the distance?" Borglum was baffled, but cooperative. "Gutzon was not sure how he should respond," the Shaffs write. "The KKK had not existed when he first went to Georgia. He needed time to assess the situation, but he did not want to risk offending Mrs. Plane, so he included a KKK altar in his plans for the memorial." (The altar never got off the drawing board.)

Later he joined up—in time rising to rub elbows with members of the Klan's cabinet, called the "Kloncilium." A consistent theme in his letters to Stephenson is his despair over the dismal quality of the Klan leadership, which to him meant that it would fail as a viable political force. After one dispiriting meeting with high Klandom in 1923, he wrote, "A Jew, a negro or a Romanist could not crawl into a more cowardly position nor seek neutral ground more quickly than did every Klan leader I appealed to."

Klan power struggles were instrumental in the fate of Borglum's plans for Stone Mountain. Borglum had envisaged smoothing off an area 400 feet high and a quarter-mile long—twelve vertical acres of granite. On this, he planned to carve a gigantic frieze showing massed Confederate infantry, cavalry, and artillery sweeping down to converge on the central figures of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis. This was not to be. In 1924 Borglum fell afoul of Hollins Randolph, head of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. Among other things, Randolph was angry about Borglum's failure to support William G. McAdoo, a losing candidate for the 1924 Democratic presidential nomination who was backed by a Klan faction. The executive committee voted to dump Borglum from the project, and he got the word while working at Stone Mountain.

What happened next would make a nice episode of "The Dukes of Hazzard." Borglum had his crew smash the Stone Mountain model and drop it over the side. When the Stone Mountain Memorial Association learned of this, it dispatched the sheriff and a posse to pick up Borglum. Borglum was tipped off by his assistant Jesse Tucker, who put him in his car and headed for the state line. "The chase went on for several hours as Tucker took the backroads heading north with the sheriff right behind them," write the Shaffs. "At times their pursuers came so close that Tucker ordered 'the Chief' to get down on the floor in case there was shooting. Finally in the early morning they crossed the border to safety in North Carolina." (After Borglum fled, a new sculptor was brought in. Eventually a less ambitious version of this Mount Rushmore of the Slavocracy—featuring Lee, Jackson, and Davis—was finished. It was dedicated in 1970.)

In 1924 Borglum was literally a fugitive from a Georgia chain gang. Fortunately he had somewhere else to go. In the spring of that same year he had received the letter from Doane Robinson proposing the Black Hills monument. The letter arrived at Stone Mountain while Borglum was on business in Connecticut. Tucker opened it and joyously wrote across the top—"Here it is, Borglum! Let's go!"—before forwarding it. They went, and the rest, as the saying goes, is history.

Well, all the history that's fit to print, anyway. ●

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CORRESPONDENCE

Publish and Perish

Editor's note: The response to Jacob Weisberg's piece on the publishing industry ("Rough Trade," June 17) has been, well, voluminous. In addition to accounts of the controversy in many newspapers and magazines, including The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Boston Globe, Newsweek, *and* The Village Voice, *we've received numerous letters—though, unfortunately, most of the favorable ones are not for publication. Herewith as complete a selection as possible, edited for space as necessary, with Weisberg's reply.*

Alice's restaurant

Among the numerous half-truths and outright falsehoods in Jacob Weisberg's attack on the publishing industry, far and away the most maliciously idiotic is his portrayal of Simon and Schuster editorial director Alice Mayhew. According to Weisberg, Mayhew is interested only in high-priced, potential best sellers, cares not a whit for the truth of what she publishes, and spends little or no time line editing. As someone who has written a number of books for a number of houses (including two decidedly low-priced, non-best sellers for Mayhew), I can testify that Weisberg's characterization is, to put it mildly, bunk.

ROBERT SAM ANSON
Los Angeles, California
(Via 900 number)

The writer is author of *Best Intentions: The Education and Killing of Edmund Perry.*

Much of what Jacob Weisberg says has merit, but I would offer these words of defense for Alice Mayhew (who is my editor at Simon and Schuster): her great talent lies in showing interest in subjects and issues *before* they are at the center of the news, or even if they are not trendy. As for her passing back editing comments that are the product of various other people, this is no crime, nor is it unique. Certainly I did the same thing when I was editing *Foreign Policy* magazine. I could not possibly have line edited every piece myself—and I'll bet the same strategy is followed at TNR.

SANFORD J. UNGAR
Washington, D.C.

The writer is author of *Africa: The People and Politics of an Emerging Continent.*

Alice Mayhew was the editor for my last novel. She was involved in the earliest discussions about the book before I wrote a word, helped shape the direction of the narrative and the complexities of the characters, and constantly reassured me that she was there if I needed her. Then when I submitted material, we stopped together at each stage. Alice gave me detailed notes, and, yes, line-by-line editing, and we discussed the direction again before I went to the next stage.

Recently a young woman was the subject of coverage in the media and had taken exactly the same actions as the main character in my book. I sent Alice a note saying, "We had it right all along." Please note that I wrote, "we," not "I."

The Weisberg piece had the feel of a rushed first draft. Now it's time for a rewrite.

AVERY CORMAN
New York, New York

The writer is author of *Kramer versus Kramer* and *Oh, God!*

Jacob Weisberg has got Alice Mayhew exactly wrong. Sure, there are plenty of editors in publishing who do nothing but eat lunch. But Alice is one of the few who really care about the contents of a book. She reads manuscripts carefully; she has a good eye for what works and what doesn't; and she's very good at untwisting a book that is poorly structured. She knows how to make her authors look good; her authors know that, even if Mr. Weisberg doesn't.

SALLY BEDELL SMITH, EVAN THOMAS, WALTER ISAACSON
New York, New York

Ms. Smith is author of *In All His Glory: William S. Paley: The Legendary Tycoon and His Brilliant Circle.* Messrs. Thomas and Isaacson are co-authors of *The Wise Men: Six Friends and the World They Made.*

I am usually an unabashed fan of your journal, but Jacob Weisberg's attacks—most of them anonymous—on Alice Mayhew are an insult both to the normally high standards of your journal and to your readers.

How Mr. Weisberg got his misinformation I cannot say. What I do know is that everything he wrote contradicted my experiences with Alice and, I think, her well-deserved reputation for being "a writer's editor."

Six years ago, before I had ever written a book, I was lucky enough to sign a contract with Simon and Schuster and to have Alice Mayhew as my editor. Since my book-writing credentials were unproven and my subject was somewhat esoteric—the uses of the memory of the Holocaust in six different countries—the advance was small. It was hardly the six-figure sum that Mr. Weisberg argues Ms. Mayhew needs to give a book her personal attention.

Her editing was meticulous and perceptive. Her patience and insight were extraordinary. Her interest never flagged, or if it did, she never let me know it. On occasion, she would make me write and rewrite not just a paragraph, but an entire section that she found uncompelling. She was both original and flexible. Yes, her assistants helped her, and me. When she wasn't sure of her judgment, she asked an assistant to read a section and give her an independent view. That is not letting junior editors handle her work.

JUDITH MILLER
New York, New York

The writer is author of *One by One by One* and is a senior writer with *The New York Times.*

Although I have no real arguments with the general thrust of Jacob Weisberg's piece on the decline of American publishing, I am puzzled about why he took out after Alice Mayhew. Certainly she is overworked and, yes, she delegates some work to associate editors, but then again she is awfully good at developing books, especially serious ones. I've read more than a few of these books in manuscript form and can attest that all of them were improved by Mayhew's editing. As for certain authors being unable to get Mayhew on the phone, how I envy them. I have never written a book for her (or for Simon and Schuster), but she calls me frequently anyway and even occasionally takes me to lunch. The lady is not only a fine book editor, but a first-class pest as well.

RICHARD COHEN
Washington, D.C.

The writer is a columnist for *The Washington Post.*

My experience with Alice Mayhew is that she raises the tough questions and edits not only for structure, but line by line, and again and again until we have it right. She edited my book about HEW, *Governing America,* and she just completed an edit of my memoir, *The Triumph and Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson—The White House Years.* She may be difficult to get on the phone, but that is usually because she is working like hell on a manuscript.

JOSEPH A. CALIFANO JR.
Washington, D.C.

Alice Mayhew did two of my books, one that we thought might sell a lot of copies and one that we knew wouldn't. Alice provided the editorial judgments on structure and content; her editorial assistants did the line-by-line editing. Both kinds of editing were superb, on both books. The odd thing is that the income-maximizing, big-books-only editor described in your article lavished the most time, and had the most attachment to, the little book that we knew wouldn't sell many copies. Mind you, she doesn't hold hands. In fact, she is abrupt, opinionated, stubborn, and tactless. She never expressed the smallest interest in how I was feeling and never, ever, schmoozed. Maybe that makes some authors feel neglected. But what a passion she has for books, and how good she is at her craft.

CHARLES MURRAY
Burkittsville, Maryland

The writer is author of *Losing Ground* and *In Pursuit of Happiness and Good Government.*

As an eyewitness I want to contradict the unnamed source who suggested that Alice Mayhew never read my book. Mayhew did read, re-read, and re-re-read it through all the drafts that preceded the final published version. My rewriting followed the specific suggestions that Mayhew and George Hodgman, one of her extraordinarily talented assistants, made throughout the project. Mayhew bore down on pages I prayed were finished and

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pushed me to try harder to make the story clearer. I never had any doubt about who made comments in the margins or who had done line editing.

Why should Mayhew have "worried" about differences between my account and Bob Woodward's? He told his story and I told mine. If she had suggested that I square my story with Woodward's I would have told her to stay out of my way—and I suspect Woodward would have resented such intrusion just as much. I can document the extraordinary editorial care Mayhew showed for my work—care that suggested my "status" (the word of an anonymous source) with Mayhew was high. I wish the suggestion that high status flowed from a high advance was true, but I can tell you that's not the way it was.

KEVIN BUCKLEY
New York, New York

The writer is author of *Panama: The Whole Story.*

Jacob Weisberg's description of Alice Mayhew's supposedly perfunctory treatment of the books she edits does not correspond at all to my experience. Since I first offered her the manuscript of *Order and Law: Arguing the Reagan Revolution,* we had numerous conversations. Moreover, the manuscript was put through at least three rigorous revisions (depending on how you count), each of which slimmed it down, focused it, and purged it of distracting legalisms and irrelevant though amusing anecdotes. Although some of this work was done by her very expert assistants, the principal thrusts—and many of the detailed suggestions—were her own, as I could tell both because we spoke often and because many of the comments were in her own handwriting. The final version of the manuscript was put through a line and copy edit far more meticulous than anything I experienced with four previous books published by two highly regarded academic presses. Ms. Mayhew gave my manuscript this kind of attention even though the advance was nowhere near the $70,000 figure mentioned in your article as some kind of threshold. We anticipated only relatively modest sales, and the book's political perspective was very different from what I gather is her own. I particularly appreciated this last point, since a number of well-regarded editors had rejected the book for this reason alone.

CHARLES FRIED
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The writer is Carter Professor of General Jurisprudence at Harvard Law School.

Lord knows the book business isn't perfect, and Simon and Schuster isn't perfect either, but Jacob Weisberg's nasty account of Alice Mayhew's role as an editor is pretty ridiculous.

I say that as a Mayhew author who got less than a $70,000 advance and whose book was brilliantly shaped and then very well edited by Mayhew herself during the same crazy season when she was working on Kitty Kelley, Lou Cannon, E. J. Dionne Jr., and others. This woman works more hours than anyone I know. She is smart, she cares about good books, and about making money too.

If Alice Mayhew is portrayed as an example of what is bad about publishing, then the resultant portrait of American publishing is bound to be misleading; Weisberg's portrait is just that.

ROBERT G. KAISER
Washington, D.C.

The writer is author of *Why Gorbachev Happened* and deputy managing editor of *The Washington Post.*

I found it difficult to recognize the portrait of Alice Mayhew in Jacob Weisberg's piece on publishing. Mayhew's editorial comments, suggestions, and margin notes on my second novel—I did not need a handwriting analyst to know the notes were hers—made it a better book than it would have been without her. And, alas, the advance I received was below what one unnamed source told Weisberg was the threshold level for getting Mayhew's attention.

Weisberg's use of blind quotes to settle scores against a fine editor is a far more accurate snapshot of contemporary journalism than his piece was a snapshot of contemporary publishing.

JOHN BUCKLEY
Washington, D.C.

The writer is author of *Statute of Limitations.*

Alice Mayhew has been my editor and friend for nineteen years; we have worked on six books during that period. She is the model of a serious book person who has devoted her life to her work. Editor of hundreds of well-known books, she spends an equal amount of time on the hundreds of books that get less attention but also reflect her commitment to ideas, politics, and humanity. She is an editor who labors at night and over weekends practicing the values Jacob Weisberg pretends to espouse. You should be embarrassed. A meager effort at reporting would have demonstrated the ignorance of his conclusion about her.

BOB WOODWARD
Washington, D.C.

The writer is author, most recently, of *The Commanders.*

Who is this Jacob Weisberg, anyway? He never called me about Alice Mayhew and I've written three books with her. In fact, who did he call? Certainly not the twenty or so colleagues of mine who have written books for Alice.

The irony about saying that Alice doesn't read manuscripts is that she is often more familiar with her writers' work than they are themselves. I am constantly amazed that at every conference I've had with Alice, she has reread the material completely each time, often several times a year. And that's before the final editing process when she is relentless in her line editing and inexhaustibly attentive.

Alice is like the femme fatale at the cocktail party who makes every man feel as if he's the only one in the room. When Alice is working with you on your book, you are her only author.

I have never known an editor who is more hands-on than Alice, more hardworking, who reads more, who is more careful, more involved, more concerned and more demanding.

If only Jacob Weisberg was as thorough a reporter as Alice Mayhew is an editor, he would never have written that absurd, irresponsible, and inaccurate piece.

SALLY QUINN
Washington, D.C.

The writer is author of *Regrets Only.*

As writers who have been edited by Alice Mayhew, we do not recognize her in Jacob Weisberg's caricature. Much of Mr. Weisberg's material is little more than unsourced gossip, scarcely deserving of comment. Moreover, nowhere in his article does he take note of Alice Mayhew's track record during nearly three decades in American publishing. Over this period no other editor has edited so many distinguished works of history, politics, and public affairs. She has not compiled this record with the techniques Mr. Weisberg describes. We are proud to be associated with her.

RICHARD BARNET, TAYLOR BRANCH, FRANCES FITZGERALD, J. ANTHONY LUKAS, RICHARD REEVES, GARRY WILLS
New York, New York

The writers are the authors, respectively, of *Global Reach; Parting the Waters; Fire in the Lake; Common Ground; American Journey: Traveling with Tocqueville in Search of Democracy in America;* and *Under God: Religion and American Politics.*

I'm a fan of Jacob Weisberg's. And I suspect that there is some truth to his argument that the publishing industry is more concerned about things financial than it used to be. I also suspect that's true of a great many other institutions in our society—possibly including even my favorite journals of opinion.

But in singling out Alice Mayhew for criticism, he picked one person who is fighting the very trends that he deplores. Yes, I'm biased; she's my editor. But that's exactly the point. As I told Mr. Weisberg in an interview, she did exactly what he—and I—would want an editor to do. She clearly spent a lot of time with my manuscript because her suggestions, made directly to me and not simply in marginal notes, were very specific. She helped me sharpen my arguments and cut some thirty to fifty pages that needed to be cut. When I knew that there was something wrong with a chapter and couldn't quite figure out what it was, she came up with ideas that got me out of my impasse.

Alice Mayhew should have been a hero in Mr. Weisberg's article, on Mr. Weisberg's terms. Her commitment is to publishing precisely the sort of serious and thoughtful books that I suspect Mr. Weisberg appreciates.

Mr. Weisberg was quite right on one point: there were some typographical errors in the acknowledgments to my book, *Why Americans Hate Politics.* But they were my fault because I kept making changes, right to the last minute, in an effort not to forget people. I still forgot people I should have thanked, but there is one sentence that I'm glad was entirely free of typos. "At Simon and Schuster," I wrote, "Alice Mayhew is exactly as great and gifted as everyone says she is." Whatever the flaws of my book, I am certain that that sentence was exactly right.

E. J. DIONNE JR.
Washington, D.C.

Jacob Weisberg writes that a contract with S&S "means more money, strong backing in advertising and promotion, a big first printing, and thus a better chance at best-sellerdom," and later asserts that Mayhew can "conjure best sellers" out of her hat.

Oh, that it were so. In fact, S&S does *not* give larger advances; I have often turned down

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Critical Government Waste Issues for the 102nd Congress: Proposes practical, achievable waste-cutting initiatives in 13 policy areas that can save taxpayers more than $58 billion in fiscal years 1991 and 1992 while improving the quality of federal services. 20 pp., $4.00. Contact Leslie K. Paige, 202-467-5300.

DEFENSE BUDGET PROJECT

Responding to Changing Threats. Task Force report reviews DOD's Future Years Defense Plan. The Task Force, chaired by Gordon Adams and Larry Korb, endorses force structure cuts and calls for scaling back plans for the next generation of weapons. 40 pp., $10. 202-408-1517.

RENEW AMERICA

The 1991 Environmental Success Index. A directory that recognizes 1200 verified successful environmental programs from across the nation. Classifies programs in 20 categories, such as solid waste reduction and recycling, wildlife protection and environmental education. Each listing includes a phone number, address and a brief description. The directory is a vital resource for public officials, business and community leaders and others working to develop creative environmental solutions. $25. 154 pp., 202-232-2252.

CITIZENS FOR TAX JUSTICE

A Far Cry From Fair: CTJ's Guide to State Tax Reform by Robert S. McIntyre, Michael P. Ettlinger, Douglas P. Kelly and Elizabeth A. Fray. A comprehensive analysis of the tax systems of the 50 states and the District of Columbia. 80 pp., $25. 202-626-3780.

PROGRESSIVE POLICY INSTITUTE

Equality and the American Creed: Understanding the Affirmative Action Debate by Seymour Martin Lipset, PPI Senior Scholar. Explores the clash between egalitarianism and individualism in U.S. politics. 28 pp., $3.50. 202-547-0001.

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more money offered by other firms because I want Mayhew to do the editing. As to advertising, if you are a non-fiction writer, forget it. S&S did not take out a single ad for my last book. My first printings are never "big," and Mayhew can no more "conjure best sellers" than anyone else.

But these are minor errors compared with Weisberg's charge that Mayhew does not do line editing and indeed doesn't even read "her" books. The editorial remarks on her manuscripts, he asserts, are made by anonymous assistants, apparently working in a dungeon somewhere.

Mayhew has been my editor for six books; we are working together on two more at this time. I know her handwriting, her favorite expressions, her pet peeves, her word choices, almost as well as my own.

Mayhew puts more time and skill into her editing than any author has a right to expect, certainly far more than I've received on my previous dozen books (the first five with major university presses, the other seven with big New York firms). Her attention to detail, her sense of pace, her insistence on maintaining the chronological line, her understanding of the various forms of the past tense in the English language, her sense of what is important and needs expansion and of what is unimportant and can be dropped, and more, all combine to make her a truly great editor, to be spoken of in the same breath as Maxwell Perkins.

Every time I show an edited chapter to a fellow author, he or she is stunned, then envious. When I showed a chapter to two heads of university presses, they were speechless. I have given chapters to creative writing teachers at my university, and they use it with great success in their classes. I have urged and am urging Mayhew to write a book on writing. Having Mayhew for an editor is a wonderful learning experience.

Please advise Mr. Weisberg that he needs to do more research before reaching conclusions. Please advise yourselves that this was not even a shoddy piece of editing on your part, it was inexcusable. You should be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you read what you print? Thanks for giving me the opportunity to do some thinking and writing about my relationship with Alice.

STEPHEN E. AMBROSE
New Orleans, Louisiana

The writer is author, most recently, of *Nixon: The Triumph of a Politician, 1962-1972.*

Sadly, the late Heinz Pagels cannot refute the implication made by Jacob Weisberg that Alice Mayhew did not edit *The Cosmic Code.*

For the record, as Pagels's close friend and literary agent, I remember a half-hour conversation between Alice Mayhew and myself regarding the first draft of *The Cosmic Code.* Dr. Pagels had several meetings and discussions with Alice and her editorial assistants, and incorporated many of her suggested changes into the final draft of his book. The book remains a classic and is widely considered to be one of the best-written books on cosmology.

Heinz Pagels wrote his next two books for Alice and was discussing a fourth at the time of his death. He was unstinting in his praise for the editorial contribution Alice made to his books. There may be a lot of problems in publishing. Alice Mayhew is not one of them.

JOHN BROCKMAN
New York, New York

Jacob Weisberg's depiction of Alice Mayhew as a cross between Henry Ford and Irma Bunt is so far from my own experience of being edited and published by her that I must protest.

As a Simon and Schuster author I have yet to reach the gilded uplands of a Woodward or a Kitty Kelley. So have my advances. But I have never felt "forgotten" by Miss Mayhew on this account. Since signing my contract with her for my current book, *The Private Lives of Winston Churchill,* some four years ago, she has never nagged me or threatened me with the unspeakable fate Mr. Weisberg suggests is specially reserved for S&S authors who are late delivering the goods.

On the contrary, her interest and regular encouragement helped me complete my book. Her structural suggestions enormously improved it. And the actual editing she did in her occasionally illegible, but always unmistakable holograph left this author chastened, braced, improved—and considerably in her debt.

Having published nearly twenty books on both sides of the Atlantic, I have had considerable experience with literary editors. With the exception of the legendary Richard Garnett, son of the still more legendary editor David Garnett, I have yet to meet her equal.

JOHN PEARSON
West Sussex, United Kingdom

Your view of what superior editors should do is greatly mistaken. Alice Mayhew told me right from the start that she didn't pencil every page. Instead, she offered conceptual suggestions that helped enormously, then seconded my manuscript to a good text editor.

Should editors do more? I think not. The worst job I ever had in my life was as a book "editor" hired to rewrite manuscripts—virtually from top to bottom—for "authors" whose names you would recognize. This wasn't ghosting in its usual sense; it was creating a writing reputation for people who didn't deserve it. Ultimately, authors, not editors, should be held responsible for the sentences they produce.

JANE BRYANT QUINN
New York, New York

The writer, author of *Everyone's Money Book,* is a financial columnist at Newsweek.

I have published two books at Simon and Schuster with Alice Mayhew. Nothing in my experience—and I had superb editors at other houses for my first five books—prepared me for the time and care that she and Henry Ferris, who was then her assistant, gave to my manuscripts. In her attention to structure and narrative, to tone and detail, Ms. Mayhew was the editor a writer hopes one day to find.

I won't speculate on what prompted Jacob Weisberg's attack. He compounded his obvious ignorance of Ms. Mayhew's methods and her character with his repellent remark, quoted in *The New York Times,* that she "is organizing a chain-writing campaign." Alice Mayhew's place in American publishing is secure without any defense from her writers. And I'm quite sure that, despite her modesty, she knows it.

A. J. LANGGUTH
Los Angeles, California

The writer is author, most recently, of *Patriots: The Men Who Started the American Revolution.*

I have no idea who Mr. Weisberg is, but his is not a name that I or any of my colleagues have come across in our many years of intimate involvement with the publishing industry. This is a very interesting business and profession and worthy of a serious, thoughtful and analytical piece that would take into account the changes that have taken place in the last fifty years in our culture, as well as in publishing.

Although I have no intention to respond to the myriad inaccuracies and misrepresentations contained in this article, I do feel it necessary to tell you what is well known throughout the publishing and writing community, which is that Alice Mayhew and Jason Epstein are two of the hardest-working, most brilliant, most literary, and most supportive editors working today. Their credentials, unlike Mr. Weisberg's, have been earned over a period of many years in the publication of some of the most significant books in the American literary canon. Their skill and dedication compares favorably with the great editors of history, and for someone of Mr. Weisberg's stature to attempt to disparage them is shocking.

MORTON L. JANKLOW
New York, New York

The writer is a senior partner at Janklow & Nesbit Associates, a literary agency.

Epstein's bar

A platitude, Ambrose Bierce wrote, "is a thought that snores in words that smoke." Not a bad description of Jacob Weisberg's tirade. Were Weisberg as careful reporting as he wants editors to become when editing books, he would not have been so inexcusably sloppy. A few examples: The title of my forthcoming book is *Three Blind Mice,* not *When the Good Times Stopped.* A phone call would have gleaned that the title listed in the catalog was changed in April. Weisberg implies but does not flat-out say he read what he describes as my "990-page typescript." Clearly he did not read it, for the manuscript was 964 pages. Since he could not have read it, and since he produces not even a whisper from anyone who has, on what authority does he report that it was not edited "properly"?

Such a charge reeks of the kind of innuendo your fine magazine has so often denounced. Nowhere does your reporter produce evidence—not even a blind quote!—that Jason Epstein, editorial director at Random House, took a vacation from editing my book. I said just the opposite to your reporter. In one of the few interviews he seems to have undertaken for this piece, I told Weisberg of the months Jason spent with me and the manuscript, of the painstaking attention he paid. I told him that the book was delayed into a sixth year because we both wanted to spend more time on it. I said all this, and more, yet not a word of it was printed because

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it would have slowed down his fictive narrative.

This is my fifth book with Jason Epstein and Random House. My agent has never shopped around for a better price because I don't think there is a better editor.

KEN AULETTA
New York, New York

Why did Jacob Weisberg and TNR recklessly disregard the truth in describing my editorial work on Ken Auletta's new book? Weisberg interviewed Auletta at length for this article. Auletta told him that he and I worked for months on the manuscript. Had Weisberg called me I would have confirmed this. So would everyone else at Random House involved in the publication of Auletta's book. Weisberg had the facts. Why did he ignore them?

Nearly everything in Weisberg's article concerning Ken Auletta's book is incorrect, including the book's final title. The manuscript was not rushed into production to satisfy the Random House accounting department or for any other reason. It was not rushed at all. To the contrary, it was postponed for six months while Ken and I worked on the text separately or together nearly every day, including many weekends, for nearly a year. Had Weisberg asked I would have shown him the edited pages. Then, at the end of this long editorial process, I gave the entire manuscript to another editor here for a final polish. By this time Ken and I felt that we needed a fresh eye to pick up any repetitions that we may have missed.

The manuscript submitted to magazines and book clubs was not an improperly edited first draft, as Weisberg thinks, but a nearly final draft, hence the "scrawls" in the margins, which are, in fact, the last of my editorial comments and Ken's responses to them.

The manuscript was submitted confidentially. It is most unlikely that any of them would have violated the ethics of our business and shown it to a reporter. Of the magazines to which Ken's book was submitted, three offered to publish advance excerpts. Ken chose two of these, *The New York Times Magazine* and *Esquire*. Both book clubs bid for the book and the Book-of-the-Month Club made it a featured alternate selection. Evidently neither the magazines nor the book clubs share Mr. Weisberg's view that Ken's prose is not "natural," whatever this means. It remains a mystery, therefore, how Weisberg arrived at his own estimate of Auletta's book.

I do not "have on my plate" what Weisberg thinks I do. Had he bothered to ask me I would have told him that despite my title, I have no corporate or departmental responsibilities at Random House and don't want any. I spend all my time editing manuscripts, work that I greatly enjoy. In my opinion, this is what publishing is mostly about. Expensive lunches and conversations with agents have little to do with it. Any of my Random House colleagues and authors would have confirmed this if Weisberg had asked.

Weisberg defames all Random House editors when he writes: "Today even the serious books that Random House produces are ... filled with ungainly and ungrammatical sentences, errors of spelling, typography, and fact. They are badly organized, long-winded, and repetitive to the point of unreadability ... they are edited haphazardly, if at all." On what basis does he make this absurd and reckless claim? How dare he write such nonsense about the editors of such authors as Neil Sheehan, Paul Kennedy, William Styron, John Richardson, McGeorge Bundy, Tom Wicker, Hedrick Smith, James Reston, and many others?

JASON EPSTEIN
New York, New York

Jacob Weisberg has written a blatantly inaccurate portrayal of Random House's editorial practices, showing reckless disregard for the truth. He has made baseless charges about our editors, particularly Joni Evans and Jason Epstein, and has endeavored to sully the reputation of Random House, Inc.

The editors and publishers vilified in the article deserve full and immediate apologies.

ALBERTO VITALE
New York, New York

The writer is chairman, president, and chief executive officer of Random House, Inc.

I checked my telephone sheets and found that Jacob Weisberg never called me to discuss Ken Auletta's new book. Had he bothered to call, he would have been told about the extremely careful editing process undertaken by Jason Epstein. He would also have been told that there was never any suggestion from anyone at Random House that the book, which Ken worked on for six years, be rushed into print. In one instance Ken interviewed the same person more than fifty times. It might have been edifying for your readers for him to have called me even once to get the facts straight.

ESTHER NEWBERG
New York, New York

The writer is Ken Auletta's literary agent.

Jason Epstein an "acquiring editor"? Anyone who knows Epstein knows that he loathes that notion. He is famous for his standards. New York agents love to tell stories about Epstein sending writers packing; he has made many aspiring authors very unhappy. Did your reporter ever call one of Jason Epstein's authors? You would never know from the piece.

Epstein edited my last book, *House of Dreams, The Bingham Family of Louisville*. He was so exacting that in my files I have three different revised manuscripts, each one covered with Epstein's renowned tiny scrawl. Epstein's comments are so pithy and acidic that his authors often save his edited manuscripts.

During four months in 1987, we met once a week for four- and five-hour sessions. I often walked out in a daze. He was a stern professor who cared so much about the work that once he spent an hour discussing Henry Wallace with me, even though there was just a minor reference to him in the manuscript. That session ended with Epstein instructing me to "go back to the library and correct it." Although another writer was working on a book about the Bingham family at the same time, Epstein had no qualms about delaying my book until he felt it was right.

MARIE BRENNER
New York, New York

Chez Aaron

As the first of the rogues lined up in Jacob Weisberg's gallery of editorial miscreants in American publishing, I am accused, along with other editors, of not caring about the quality of the books I acquire or even about their profitability. "Instead," says Weisberg, editors "are measured by the number and dollar amount of the contracts they sign." A few lines down, characteristically unaware of the contradiction, he reaches the specific indictment against me: editors are "often not around to answer for their purchases when the bills come due several years later. Aaron Asher paid a million dollars of Grove Weidenfeld's money for Milan Kundera's new novel *Immorality* (sic) before returning to HarperCollins, where he worked previously. He won't be around to answer for (Watch those repetitions!) his speculation if the book earns back only half its advance."

Let us now move from maliciously sly innuendo to the facts, which could easily have been obtained from me where I worked previously and now again. About the quality of the author in question I need say nothing. About my relationship with him, it has existed for more than a decade now in friendship and mutual respect. Unlike most writers, Mr. Kundera deeply concerns himself with the translations of his books; bringing four of them to English-language publication has involved me, in conjunction with their author, in many weeks of line-by-line editorial work—precisely of the kind Weisberg so carelessly eulogizes. For the benefit of readers outside the "rough trade" (Watch those witless puns!) I should add that I've been known for more than thirty years for this and other ways of caring about the quality of the books I acquire, edit, and publish.

As for the falsely naive implication that I and I alone could "speculate" with sums of such magnitude, the decision-making at Grove Weidenfeld regarding Mr. Kundera's contract was of course collegial, with soberly careful assessments by our financial and sales professionals of the (very strong) performance of his previous books, and, above all in this context, the enthusiastic assent of Ann Getty, the company's president. Almost exactly a year ago, months after the Kundera contract was signed, I resigned from Grove Weidenfeld over an unrelated matter of principle. When Mr. Kundera, among other authors, thereupon asked to be released from the contract (naturally upon repayment of the money advanced), Grove Weidenfeld declined the opportunity to be rescued from the consequences of my "speculation." Like any sensible rough trader, HarperCollins, my once and future employer and the publisher of *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* and other works of Kundera's, stood ready to buy this contract. Indeed, the house has now purchased the paperback rights to *Immortality* for a substantial amount. (The Weisberg way of putting this would be to say that I have now conned two different publishers into paying two different fortunes for the same unworthy book.) With this rights sale and the novel's current status on national best-seller lists, I may not, after all, have to follow Robert Vesco to Costa Rica or join Michael Milken at his present address.

AARON ASHER
New York, New York

The writer is publisher of Aaron Asher Books, HarperCollins.

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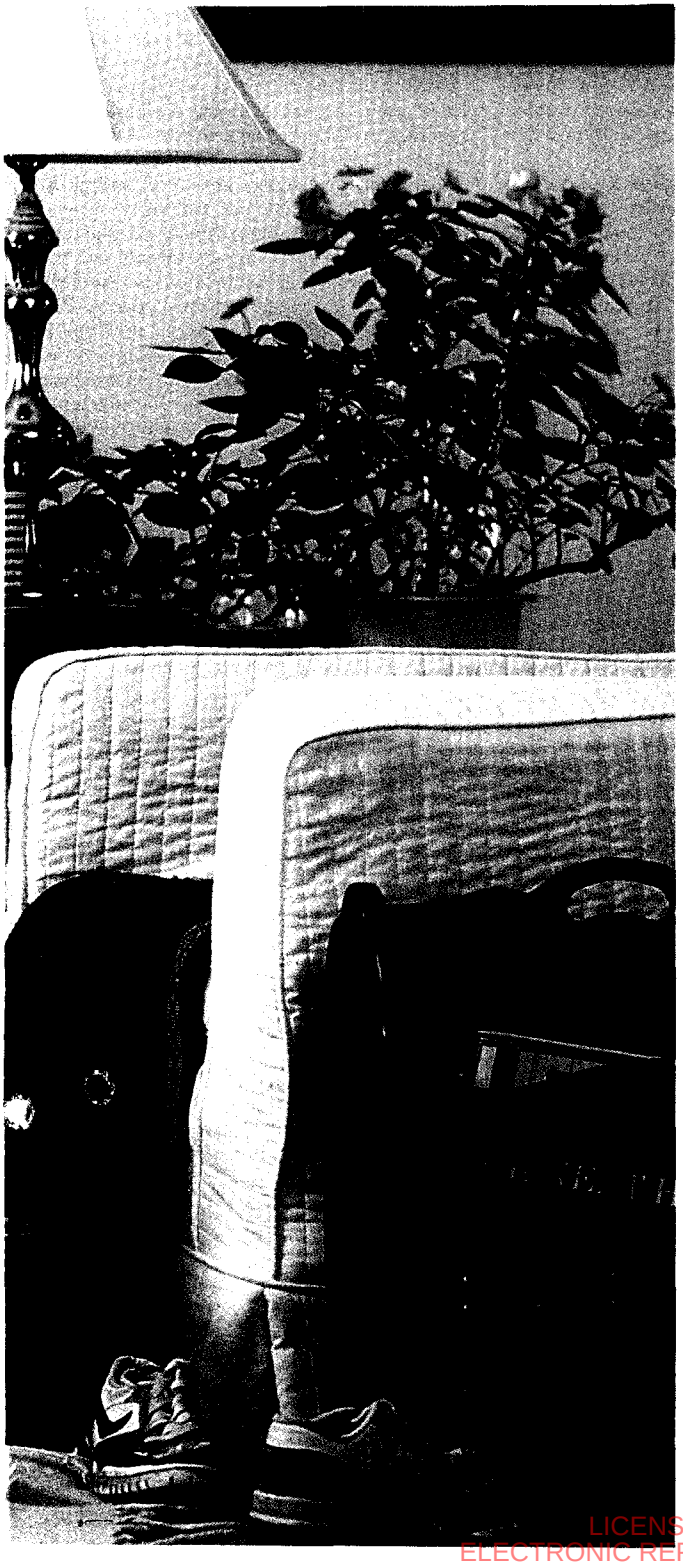

To have a home, a place where no one is more comfortable than you.

That search—the striving for decent and affordable housing—runs so deep through our society that finding new ways to supply it has always been a national priority.

As a congressionally chartered, shareholder-owned corporation, Fannie Mae has helped ensure home financing for more than thirteen million families in all 50 states.

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Without a Fannie Mae in the market every day, some of those thirteen million families would have paid higher rates or found it more difficult to get a mortgage. Some might have been denied homeownership altogether or seen the cost of rental housing move out of reach.

Millions more families will be searching for a place to call home. Fannie Mae wants to make sure that each of these families has a chance to go from being a prospective renter or home buyer to a homebody.

FannieMae
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I was shocked—shocked!—to learn from Jacob Weisberg's "Rough Trade" that Aaron Asher paid a substantial sum of money for a novel by Milan Kundera, one of the most distinguished writers now working, and—as if that weren't bad enough—that he subsequently skipped out on the consequences of his speculation, among them a spot on current national best-seller lists. But the truth is even worse than Mr. Weisberg suspects. Aaron Asher pursued the SAME RECKLESS COURSE with Harold Bloom and David Rosenberg's *The Book of J*, another fine work, for which he also paid a substantial sum, and which also became a best seller after he left Grove Weidenfeld. It is to be regretted that Mr. Weisberg did not delve deeper into these appalling facts in his otherwise crusading exposé, which has doubtless earned him a well-deserved immorality.

That Mr. Weisberg chose to single out Aaron Asher, of all people, as an instance of editorial irresponsibility is the most compelling proof he could have given of his profound ignorance of publishing. I hasten to add that I am far from a disinterested party, since it is Aaron Asher who keeps me in sandwiches, blue pencils, and faith in publishing as the art of caring about writers and books. And oh, yes—truth.

JOY JOHANNESSEN
New York, New York

The writer is editor, Aaron Asher Books.

Jacob Weisberg writes as though he believes that there was once a golden age, when money and questions of public taste were matters that never troubled the rest of writers, editors, or publishers. He writes also as though publishing houses were still run as in Maxwell Perkins's heyday, and seems to imagine that Perkins would be able to operate now as he did in the past. Before television. Before oil money controlled publishing houses. Back when writers got paid well enough for serial publication to be able to support themselves while they worked carefully on long books, because people read instead of watching television. He writes as though anyone still *read* Jane Austen—would *he* be willing to finance the publication of her complete works tomorrow?—and as though soap operas and sitcoms and the evening news did not exist, as though writers and editors should be noble souls, above worry about whether or not their families, dogs, and parakeets will be able to eat. He writes as though Milan Kundera were either a junk writer or a hapless victim, and as though without the guidance of college English teachers he cannot find anything worthwhile to read. He writes as though the journalistic virtues—writing that is "concise, informative, and convincing"—were the acme of writerly accomplishment. (Fortunately, Mr. Weisberg was not around to turn down *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*.) He writes also as though genre fiction did not include some of the most finely crafted books in the trade and were an invention of the last few years—possibly a plot of Aaron Asher's. He writes as though the work of Dickens and Shakespeare and, say, James Thurber were unaffected by commercial, financial, and cultural pressures. Indeed, he writes as though he knows nothing of the realities of writing and publishing, now or in the past, and in particular as though Aaron Asher, of all people, were an exemplary case of a junk editor.

I write as though Weisberg's singling out of Aaron Asher as an exemplary junk editor has made me so cross that I cannot think of a sufficient way to scold him. This is true. Every word Weisberg says chagrins me because, as an English teacher and a writer, I do not know where to begin to set him straight. I am not prepared to nominate Asher for sainthood, but I am a (modestly paid) writer who has had more than one reason to be deeply grateful for the integrity with which a book of mine, which will appear under his imprint next fall, is being handled.

VICKI HEARNE
Westbrook, Connecticut

The writer is author of *Adam's Task: Calling Animals by Name*.

À la carte

For a little over a year, I worked for major publishers as a free-lance copy editor. My career had a curious pattern: I'd copyedit three or four manuscripts for a house and then never hear from them again.

Why? I queried every redundancy. I flagged grammatical errors and misuses of words, just as they'd told me to do. No one ever complained about my work—yet publisher after publisher, the manuscripts dried up.

Jacob Weisberg's article finally explained why: manuscripts I worked on needed to go back to the authors, "wasting" valuable production time. I was scrupulous, and in publishing that's a problem.

Thanks for exposing the industry's dirty little secret. Maybe you'll shame publishers back into literacy.

ELAINE BENNETT
Brooklyn, New York

In Jacob Weisberg's impassioned lament over "the sad decline of American publishing," the past he contrasts with the industry's current degraded state is variously seen as having taken place twenty-five years ago, at midcentury, or in Max Perkins's day (Perkins was at Scribner's from 1910, when he joined the advertising department, to 1947, when he thought publishing was in a serious decline). Apparently in one? some? all? of these various and distinct periods of publishing history editors edited carefully, books were esteemed for some timeless attribute called quality, and commerce knew its place. The problem is, of course, that in each one of those periods jeremiads like Mr. Weisberg's were printed that gazed fondly at even earlier "golden ages."

Historians of publishing's past find that it resembles nothing so much as Weisberg's publishing present. David Donald's *Look Homeward: A Life of Thomas Wolfe* has shown the complex tensions in the relationship between Wolfe and Perkins that left the author feeling betrayed by the editor's commercial focus. James L. West's *American Authors and the Literary Marketplace Since 1900* faults Perkins for being a very sloppy editor who rushed Fitzgerald into print, leaving his text strewn with errors that made the author look illiterate. My own research on turn-of-the-century publishing has led me to conclude that publishers like George Brett of Macmillan, Daniel Appleton of Appleton, and the eponymous Henry Holt typically did not read the manuscripts they published. Alfred Knopf later considered that supposedly pre-editorial period to have been publishing at its best. Having to have a lengthy book in order to be taken seriously is a very old tradition in English language publishing on both sides of the Atlantic; in the nineteenth century British authors *had* to write fiction in three-volume editions to be handled at all by Mudie's Circulating Library, which was crucial to their success.

Weisberg is correct that publishing is under commercial and corporate pressures that can have harmful effects on people's lives, careers, and books. And he has done a nice job of collecting harrowing anecdotes of modern publishing. But to understand these complex strains requires seeing the present as the outgrowth of a past that it resembles, not as a hellish inversion of a sacred era that existed, in his telling phrase, "once upon a time."

After all, in every one of the eras Weisberg cites—twenty-five years ago between the sale of Macmillan and the strikes at Harper, in the 1950s as paperbacks asserted financial supremacy over hardcovers, in the 1940s when female "assistants" did a lot of the work for which their male bosses got credit and ghost authors complicated the question of who wrote what, and just before Perkins at the turn of the century when agents threatened the clubbish control of family houses—publishing has had its well-publicized "crises." Perhaps the real story of this latest "decline" is that journalists, eager to have a story around ABA time, can easily combine an impressionistic set of interviews with people in publishing with a vague sense of "how it used to be" and call it a crisis. Is that a problem with book publishing or with journalism?

MARC ARONSON
Brooklyn, New York

The writer is an editor at HarperCollins, children's books division.

Your June 17 issue landed on my desk during a recent lunch break. Unlike the acquisitions editors you profiled, who lunch with celebrities on enviable expense accounts, this one was eating a brown-bagged sandwich while fact-checking my house's lead title for the fall. The author of this book, incidentally, is a best-selling author who has published with New York houses for nearly fifty years; he took this book back from his long-time publisher (after returning a substantial advance) and brought it to us because he was fed up with sloppy, haphazard editing.

Small, independent houses like ours aren't likely to offer six- and seven-figure advances, but we can offer many things that authors come to value: thorough and accountable editing; an ongoing relationship with editors who don't leap from house to house; efficient, streamlined distribution; agile and targeted marketing; the assurance that a title will stay in backlist for years; and a quality product featuring sewn bindings and acid-free paper that assure the book won't fall apart after its third library circulation.

LIZ PARKHURST
Little Rock, Arkansas

The writer is editor in chief at August House Publishers, Inc.

Your recent article by Jacob Weisberg has angered and annoyed a great number of people in the publishing industry. It also caused a

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great deal of embarrassment—because so much of it was right on target.

STEVEN SCHRAGIS
New York, New York

The writer is publisher of Carol Publishing Group.

Jacob Weisberg replies:

The chorus of tributes from Alice Mayhew's contented workers has all the spontaneity of a pre-glasnost Soviet May Day rally. Indeed, Simon and Schuster furnished *The New York Times* with a list of these correspondents well before TNR received many of their letters. But whatever the impetus for the rejoinders, a close reading of them tends to confirm what I wrote. Alice Mayhew was not my case study of an acquirer who never edits, as many of her defenders assert. Instead, she was my example of a big-shot editor who processes too many books, edits many of them with insufficient care, and is not enough concerned about their accuracy. I noted a distinction between the way Mayhew attends to celebrity authors and the way she treats small fry. One source for my article posited a somewhat arbitrary dividing line at around a $70,000 advance. Obviously there are some lower-paid writers who get Mayhew's personal touch, and some who earn more who are ignored or fobbed off on her assistants. The distinction rests on status as well as money, and the letter-writers are without exception important enough to earn Mayhew's attention. In the last few weeks, I have heard privately from a half-dozen lesser-known dissidents who say Mayhew ignored them because they weren't big names. I am sorry to tell John Buckley that they wish to remain anonymous, as did some of the sources for my story, but the reason for their reticence is obvious enough. The way S&S handles their next books will perforce depend on Mayhew's goodwill. In any case, there's a certain irony in defenders of the editor of *All the President's Men* waxing indignant about anonymous sources.

Mayhew's defenders are utterly inconsistent. Sally Quinn claims Mayhew is a brilliant line editor, who "is often more familiar with her writers' work than they are themselves." Jane Bryant Quinn (no relation) says that Mayhew told her "from the start that she didn't pencil edit every page." At the uncontested figure of thirty to forty books a year, Mayhew can't edit all of her authors closely, no matter how hard she works. Experienced editors to whom I spoke unanimously maintained that the upper limit for careful editing is ten or twelve books per year. Is it a scandal that, as Charles Murray forthrightly acknowledges and several others half-admit, most of the line editing is done by assistants? Yes, in those cases where that work is misrepresented as Mayhew's own. Otherwise, it's not intrinsically corrupt. But it does substantiate my point about the way publishing rewards acquisition over redaction.

I wrote that Mayhew never read the late Heinz Pagels's *The Dreams of Reason: The Computer and the Rise of the Sciences of Complexity.* Pagels's agent, John Brockman, responds that Mayhew did edit a book called *The Cosmic Code,* to which I did not refer in my story. Apparently editors aren't the only ones not reading. Stephen Ambrose distorts my meaning throughout his letter. I noted that authors are lured to Mayhew and Michael Korda of S&S because of big money and the belief that these editors can "conjure best sellers out of their hats." In the next paragraph I cast doubt on this impression. The fact that Ambrose does not get what he considers to be large advances does not mean that Simon and Schuster does not pay them to others. Perhaps he should find a new agent. My article does not assert that Mayhew doesn't read any of her books, never touches a manuscript, keeps her assistants locked in a dungeon, or fails to distinguish among the various forms of the past tense—charges that are easier to rebut than the ones I actually made. Kevin Buckley says Mayhew "bore down" on his manuscript "pages." I'd like to see those pages. If they bear evidence of close editing by Mayhew herself, I'll be glad to retract the allegation. Buckley doesn't worry about whether his book about Panama is contradicted by Bob Woodward's *The Commanders,* or anything else published by S&S. This is a reasonable position for a writer. My point is that it is an abdication of responsibility for a publisher, let alone a single editor, to put out wildly contradictory sets of facts, as opposed to contrasting interpretations. Which book does Alice Mayhew believe? Does she even care? Evidence that she doesn't is provided by Kitty Kelley's book on Nancy Reagan, which none of Mayhew's defenders discusses. This is the clearest possible example of an editor ignoring questions of veracity for commercial reasons. Finally, Richard Cohen, who has never worked with Mayhew, obsequiously defends her editing ability on the basis of having occasionally had lunch with her. This is indeed what many people in New York, and a few in Washington, think editing is.

Marie Brenner refutes the charge that Jason Epstein is an acquiring editor who doesn't work on manuscripts. That's fine; I never said he was. On the contrary, I called him "the Edward R. Murrow of publishing" and tallied up his accomplishments. My only complaint against him concerned a single book, Ken Auletta's forthcoming work on the TV networks. I said neither that Epstein didn't edit it at all, nor that the book was rushed out ahead of schedule, nor that book clubs received an improperly edited first draft, nor that I had read it. I argued that to edit the book "properly" would have meant delaying it another year, which would have displeased the accounting department, among others. As for the alleged errors, the reason I said the typescript was 990 pages was that Auletta himself told me. It's not sporting of him to switch numbers on me now. I did check with Random House, both with the publicity department and with Epstein's assistant, Maryam Mohit, and neither told me the title of Auletta's book had recently been changed from *When the Good Times Stopped,* as the Random House catalog has it, to *Three Blind Mice.* (If this is reckless disregard, Jason Epstein can go sue himself.) Several magazine editors who have worked with Auletta told me that he is not a natural writer, meaning that readers would have a great deal of difficulty with his unedited prose. Had I called Esther Newberg, she would doubtless have hyped Auletta's book by telling me he had interviewed a source fifty times, which is admirable but doesn't bear on the question of how well Random House has edited his book. Will the excerpts that will appear in *The New York Times Magazine* and *Esquire* be better edited than the full-length Random House version, as I claimed? Of course.

There are two sentences in my article about Aaron Asher. I reported that he paid a million dollars of Grove Weidenfeld's money for Milan Kundera's new novel and that he won't be there to answer for the expenditure if the book doesn't earn back the advance. I used this to illustrate a point about the financial irrationality that results from editors flitting from house to house as free agents, which is a recent development. Both the larger point and the concrete example are true. Asher responds with an irrelevant defense of himself from charges I made about others, but not about him, pointing out that he is a careful and concerned editor. Joy Johannessen asserts I singled Asher out as an example of "editorial irresponsibility." Vicki Hearne says I have made him an example of a "junk editor" and Kundera an example of a "junk writer." Readers are invited to examine my story to see if I said anything of the kind. The title of Kundera's book did contain an unfortunate typo, which I am sorry about. This, however, is the only genuine mistake in the piece. If Mort Janklow really does have examples of "myriad inaccuracies," I suspect we would have heard about them. Janklow objects to anyone he doesn't know criticizing anyone he does. I'm sorry I don't meet his standards, or Sally Quinn's.

What is most striking about nearly all these letters is that they are entirely confined to personalities. Their reflexive defensiveness bespeaks an industry accustomed to viewing the press as a vehicle for free publicity and unused to coverage that contains a critical dimension. About my larger points—that book editing is a dying art and that standards of seriousness and care have steeply declined in recent years—the industry has nothing to say. Many editors actually agree with my broader thesis but feel that no individual should shoulder any blame. One exception is Marc Aronson, who argues that publishing has always been characterized by the same foibles. I share Aronson's skepticism about vague presumptions of cultural decline, but the decadence of American publishing is very real, and demonstrable. My first point is that there has been an erosion in the overall quality of books published. My comparison of Random House lists from 1951 and 1991 showed a preponderance of serious literature giving way to a preponderance of fluff. This is equally true of many, though not all, of the great formerly family-owned firms. Aronson does not contest this. My second point is that editors give each book a smaller amount of attention than they once did. According to A. Scott Berg, Maxwell Perkins's biographer, Perkins was an extraordinarily talented editor, yet typical for his firm and his era in the close attention he paid to prose. Perkins was the inspirational model for those who pursued publishing careers in the 1940s, '50s, and '60s. Most of today's editors consider Perkins an aberration, and a faintly unwholesome one at that. Those who seek to emulate him are unlikely to advance. I am not sure why Aronson thinks I am talking about publishing at the turn of the century, a period on which he is an expert and about which I know little. I focused on the later flowering of the American book trade, during what I referred to as its "midcentury heyday." If Aronson really thinks there has been no falling off in the output of the better American publishers since then, I respectfully disagree. ●

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Rememberings

What is memory? Not a storehouse, not a trunk in the attic, but an agency, an instrument that constantly refines the gross past into a narrative, accessible and acceptable to one's self. Using that narrative, an artist can, without falsifying, refine it even further.

Marcel Pagnol, the French novelist, playwright, and filmmaker, provides—with the help of others—contrasting examples of how an artist can use memory. A few years ago we got two films based on two novels of his, *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Springs*, set in the Provençal hills that he fell in love with as a boy. The landscape and the people became, for Pagnol, materials for quasi-melodrama. Now come two films, **My Father's Glory** and **My Mother's Castle** (Orion Classics), based on Pagnol's autobiography, that are largely set in the same Provençal hills and that show how Pagnol acquired the means, in spirit and in detail, to write those novels.

The linkage of the two film ventures, each with two films, began with Alain Poiré, who produced the earlier pair. After those pictures had prospered, he approached not Claude Berri, who had directed that duo, but Yves Robert, and proposed these two non-fiction successors. Robert, I'd have thought, was a risky choice. Of his fourteen films, I remember three: *The War of the Buttons*, a pat allegory about schoolboy wars as a symbol of war's futility, and two of my least favorite French farces, *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* and its sequel.

But Poiré apparently knew a good deal about Robert's other work and about the man himself, and it has all turned out well. Robert handled both of these new films lightly, tenderly, with engaging dexterity. Robert Alazraki's affectionate camera helps; Peter Gillette's editing is sensitive, touching lightly what we merely need, lingering just long enough on what we want; and, over all, Robert makes sure that everything is framed with freshness and paced with the right variety. It's as if his whole career—he's over 70—had come about just so that he could mine it for these two films.

Lucette Andrei wrote both screenplays and struck a somewhat better balance in the first. *My Father's Glory* begins with the arrival of the baby Marcel in the small southern town where his father is a teacher, and it ends eleven years later when Marcel has a younger brother and a baby sister. His father has risen to a good teaching post in Marseilles, his aunt has married a jolly, plump civil servant and has produced a child, and all of them spend a summer in a small house high in the Provençal hills. Nothing especially unexpected happens, but that's the film's particular treat—the pleasures of family life in a good family. At the end, Pagnol père, an inexperienced hunter, shoots two royal partridges; and his proud son holds them up, his father's glory.

Much more of *My Mother's Castle* (which is the country house) takes place in those hills; but, though it begins precisely where the first film leaves off, the story doesn't flow quite as smoothly. A segment about Marcel and a girl his own age is handled with some strain at charm (absent in the earlier film). A good deal of the story concerns a short cut that the Pagnols take to the country place. Usually, after riding to the end of the tram line, they walk five miles, but a former student of Pagnol père, now a canal guard, gives them a key that allows them to take a short cut along a canal that runs through several estates. The key opens doors in the walls between the estates. Papa is afraid of being pinched for trespassing, but the various fears and scurryings and encounters don't keep this narrative quite buoyant enough. And this second film ends with a fast forward bit that races Marcel ahead to manhood and filmmaking and brings him back to this region, all of which seems an appendage.

Taken together, however, the two films are highly enjoyable—frankly old-fashioned yet cinematically alert. About halfway through the second one, I saw one reason why they were holding me. The food. Over and over, through the two pictures, we sit down with the family to eat: the whole experience takes on the feeling of a long meal with these people. Some items are less tasty than others, but that idea of eating with them is warm and cozy.

Which leads to another key element. Pictures like these couldn't succeed if we didn't grow fond of the characters. Poiré and Robert understood this, and with one exception, they cast the film perfectly. Julien Ciamaca, the Marcel, concentrates completely on the wonders and problems at hand; never concerned to be engaging, he engages us. Philip Caubère, his father, has a sweetness that comes from his commitment to teaching and to

FILMS WORTH SEEING

An Angel at My Table. *Open and direct, generally successful fictional rendering of the life of Janet Frame, the New Zealand author, done by Jane Campion, a New Zealand filmmaker. (Reviewed 6/3/91)* **The Comfort of Strangers.** *In Venice an English couple find Eros and Thanatos. Harold Pinter's screenplay, of Ian McEwan's novel, is done excellently, though the story doesn't quite satisfy. (4/29/91)* **Thelma and Louise.** *The screenplay has more than a whiff of contrivance, but this saga of a crime spree by two women in the Southwest has some pertinence and wit. (7/1/91)* **Truth or Dare.** *Possibly more about Madonna, in this documentary, than you wanted to know. Still, her brashness is honest, and the picture is slickly made. (6/10/91)* **—SK**

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his family. Didier Pain, his brother-in-law, is a solid bastion of good eating and devout thinking—quarreling constantly, over food, with the agnostic Pagnol père. (Pain trills his Rs in Marseilles fashion. Those who, unlike me, are expert in French will doubtless enjoy the various accents.) Joris Molinas, about Marcel's age, plays a real country boy who knows and loves and hunts these hills as if he were part of the fauna; he helps to certify Marcel's affection for the place.

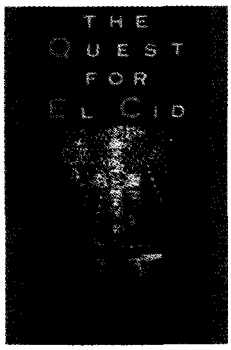
Only Nathalie Roussel as Marcel's mother seems an actress. Sturdiness is not one of the mother's qualities, but hardworking resourcefulness is. Roussel has a touch of swoop and fragrance, as if she were coming out of a glittery salon to kiss her son goodnight.

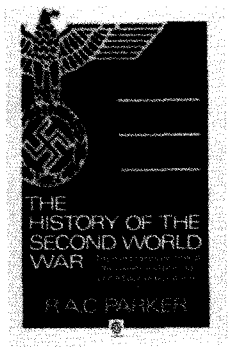
The score by Vladimir Cosma combines jauntiness and period lyricism for exactly the right underpinning. And the voice of Marcel—a man's voice that runs through both pictures reminiscing, connecting episodes, covering time lapses, pointing out oddments—is satisfyingly rich. I don't know if Pagnol actually sounded like Jean-Pierre Darras, who did the voice-overs, but Darras makes the question irrelevant.

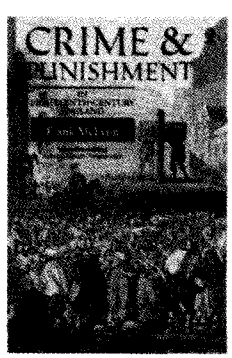
Aside from the obvious differences between novels and autobiographies, there's an additional difference between these two films and the two earlier ones. In the fictional films, Pagnol portrayed greed, bitterness, guile. In the autobiographical films, with one exception, absolutely everyone is good—sometimes mistaken but fundamentally good. (The exception is one of the guards along the canal shortcut, and he soon gets his comeuppance.)

Is this goodness the whole story of Pagnol's family and friends, of his boyhood? Certainly not—not on this planet. Choices were made. Hawthorne said that the writer of romance "has fairly a right to present that truth [of the human heart] under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation." The autobiographer may also be granted not the right to create but to choose, as long as he, too, is faithful to that truth. He is not a historian. If he is Pagnol, he is an artist using his own life as material.

Pagnol *wanted* to remember his boyhood his way. Why should he not have had the same freedom that, say, Wordsworth had? We don't read *The Prelude* for a history of the Lake District or a complete chronicle of the Wordsworth family. So, in degree, with these two autobiographical films. Pagnol chose to remember his past—especially since it was out of reach—as abundantly good; and recognizing that such complete goodness is always out of reach, we can share his adjusted memories. ●







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The brief, shining moment of Motown—and America.

One Nation Under a Groove

By Gerald Early

I.

> My dream was to become Frank Sinatra. I loved his phrasing, especially when he was very young and pure. . . . Now this is going to surprise you, but I also dug Dean Martin and especially Perry Como.
>
> —Marvin Gaye

It is one of the peculiar and penetrating gestures of "crossover" in American culture that Marvin Gaye could fantasize, in the 1960s, about being an Italian pop ballad singer, making four ballads-and-standards albums for Motown between 1961 and 1965, while Felix Cavaliere, the Italian lead singer of the Rascals, could fantasize about being a black soul singer with songs for Atlantic such as "Good Lovin' " (1966) and "Groovin' " (1967), which topped the R and B charts. But this fantasy-swapping-cum-mutual-admiration is an old business, more than a century old really, with blacks and Italians in music. The legendary guitarist Eddie Lang was born Salvatore Massaro and often recorded under the name of Blind Willie Dunn, as if he were a black country musician, while the bass saxophonist Adrian Rollini had no bigger admirers than Coleman Hawkins and Harry Carney. Little Richard called himself "the Bronze Liberace." Considering the blatantly sexual nature of most popular American dance music—"we're selling sex," Paul Williams reminded his fellow Temptations as they donned their form-fitting trousers—it is not unreasonable to suppose that Gaye and Cavaliere were confessing to a kind of sexual envy of the other's ethnic identity. A strange affair for two ethnic groups that never liked one another very well. The Detroit race riot of 1943, for example, was largely, though not exclusively, a conflict between blacks and Italians.

Throughout most of the 1950s, Italian male crooners and melodramatic operatic tenors ruled popular music: Julius La Rosa, Al Martino, Dean Martin, Tony Bennett, Vic Damone, Mario Lanza, Frankie Laine, Jerry Vale, Perry Como. The reigning prince, of course, was Frank Sinatra. The '50s witnessed two major shifts in popular music: a movement away from the Tin Pan Alley-type popular songs of the Berlin-Gershwin-Arlen ilk to a music that was more obviously and overtly influenced (and mimicked) by black rhythm and blues; and a shift away from middle-aged or mature-sounding Italian male singers as the trendsetters in popular music to white Southerners, adolescent Jews, and blacks. This major ethnic shift in popular music had a profound impact on the culture at large.

By the early '60s there were still several Italian male singers who figured prominently as teen idols in the new music called rock 'n' roll: Bobby Rydell and Frankie Avalon, Bobby Darin, Fabian, Frankie Valli of the Four Seasons, Joey Dinicola of Joey Dee and the Starliters, and Dion DiMucci of Dion and the Belmonts. Their success notwithstanding, none of them was the major force in pop music that the Italian singers in the '50s had been. Herein lies our tale: the two most successful of the Italian rock 'n' rollers of the early '60s, Frankie Valli and Bobby Darin, were the alpha and the omega of the shift in popular music. The Four Seasons recorded their first 3 million-selling hits for Vee Jay Records, a Chicago-based, largely rhythm and blues company owned by blacks, and Darin made his last album in 1972 for Motown Records, the most successful independent record company and the most successful black-owned business in American history. What follows, then, is the story of a great displacement in American popular culture.

Supreme Faith: Someday We'll Be Together
by Mary Wilson and Patricia Romanowski
(HarperCollins, 320 pp., $19.95)

Motown Album: The Sound of Young America
by Elvis Mitchell et al.
(St. Martin's, 252 pp., $50)

Smokey: Inside My Life
by Smokey Robinson and David Ritz
(Jove, 260 pp., $4.50 paper)

Berry, Me, & Motown: The Untold Story
by Raynoma Gordy Singleton with Bryan Brown and Mim Eichler
(Contemporary Books, 344 pp., $19.95)

Call Her Miss Ross: An Unauthorized Biography of Diana Ross
by J. Randy Taraborrelli
(Birch Lane Press, 488 pp., $19.95)

Temptations
by Otis Williams and Patricia Romanowski
(Fireside, 304 pp., $8.95 paper)

The Death of Rhythm and Blues
by Nelson George
(E. P. Dutton, 222 pp., $8.95 paper)

The Marvin Gaye Collection
(Motown, 4 CD set)

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(Polydor, 4 CD set)

The Five Heartbeats
(Twentieth Century Fox)

Because the election of John F. Kennedy, for whom Sinatra campaigned ardently, was touted as a new beginning, the force with which the Sinatra film *Ocean's 11* announced the end of an era in 1960 is all the more striking. The '50s had been a strange decade for Sinatra, the years of his most profound defeats and his most startling triumphs. His Capitol records are now considered perhaps his best work; they certainly re-established him as king of the pop hill. He sold more records in the '50s than any other artist. He also became, after the death of Humphrey Bogart in 1957, the head of the Rat Pack, or the Clan, an influential nonconformist group of the Hollywood hip that included Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, Lauren Bacall, Debbie Reynolds, Shirley MacLaine, Joey Bishop, Billy Wilder, and Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen (virtually Sinatra's personal songwriters). It was a family of famous Hollywood playboys and playgirls, and of ethnic outcasts: Italians (Sinatra, Martin), Jews (Cahn, Bishop), blacks (Davis). Their inclusive exclusivity (No Squares, Finks, Mice, or Losers Need Apply!) was an ironic commentary on the racial bigotry, the exclusive inclusivity, of the Ku Klux Klan, whose victims were Italians, blacks, and Jews.

Still, despite their success and their power in the '50s, Sinatra and his cronies were witnessing their own demise. They found themselves too old to be hip any longer. The very inchoate structure of

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the youth culture that made Sinatra a pop success in the 1940s was mostly, though not entirely, made up of adolescent white girls (Shirley Temple's mediocre 1942 film *Miss Annie Rooney*, in which she played a working-class teenager in love with big bands, revealed that teenaged girls were already a force as a popular music audience), and they were to declare him irrelevant by 1960. In 1958 *Life* magazine wrote that Sinatra was the "angry middle-aged man."

Ocean's 11, a misogynistic hallucination featuring the extended Rat Pack, tells the tale of eleven ex-World War II paratroopers who band together to rob five Las Vegas casinos. The film is actually the old-style masculine hipness's paean to itself, but lacking energy and sincerity. Sinatra and his friends seem engaged in a last gasp, in a final assault of old-fashioned swing against the hedonistic decadence and nihilism of the new rock 'n' roll. These slightly overaged libertines decide to turn back the clock and become adventurers again, as they were in the Army. (It is a telling fantasy: Sinatra himself, and most of the Clan's major players, including Martin and Lawford, never served in the Army, and it would have been impossible for Sammy Davis Jr., who did serve, to have been in the same outfit.)

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The men gather around a pool table to discuss their plans for robbing Vegas, and a strange note of confession is sounded when Martin's character criticizes the whole enterprise:

> I like to swing like the rest of you guys, but you haven't got a plan here, you've got a pipeload. This ain't a combat team, it's an alumni meeting. . . . Any of you liars want to claim you're half the man you were in '45? Can you run as fast, can you think as fast, can you mix it up as good as you used to? Well, I sure can't. And Danny, if you want to try to catch lightning in a bottle, you go ahead. But don't try to catch yesterday. Old times are only good when you've had 'em.

It is the film's sincerest moment. And the threat that looms over *Ocean's 11*, that aged the white hipsters of the '50s, from Mailer to Sinatra, from the Beat to the Pack, into a kind of bewildered establishment, was rock 'n' roll.

Sinatra's film was partly a tribute to Las Vegas, where he has been one of the major figures since the '50s; and it suggested that Vegas, the gambling capital of America and the supposed bastion of Mafia money, was the last best hope for good music and good taste. There Tin Pan Alley pop music performers still reigned supreme. By 1970, however, Diana Ross and the Supremes, the most successful black rock 'n' roll teen act in the history of American popular music, gave their final performance as a group in Las Vegas at the Frontier Hotel. Martin, Davis, and Sinatra were still playing Vegas, but so were Gladys Knight, Ray Charles, the Four Tops, the Temptations, and the Supremes without Ross. So much for the gambling capital holding out in the name of good taste and good music. Or, put another way, Tin Pan Alley and rock 'n' roll learned to lie down side by side. (In the early 1970s Sinatra had a success with Stevie Wonder's "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," which suddenly sounded a great deal like Tin Pan Alley.)

In November 1957 an article by Sinatra appeared in a magazine called *Western World*, in which he juxtaposed the cool of jazz and the heat of rock by discussing the State Department-sponsored trips of jazzmen like trumpeters Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie to the Middle East and Europe. That Armstrong and Gillespie should be yoked together, when they represented to many minds, in 1957, including Armstrong's, such different approaches to the art of improvisation, is a striking example of how acceptable and even respectable jazz had become, despite the fact that Charlie Parker's highly publicized death due to drugs had occurred just two years earlier. Like Sinatra himself, this music had grown from its saloon origins to become representative of America:

> And good or bad, [jazz] causes millions of people outside the United States to believe that we are by no means as crude, mysterious, or childish as our foreign policy or its representatives have more often than not caused them to believe. And for that reason alone we should treat it and its makers with constant respect and admiration. That aspect of it to which I contribute is also a considerable force for good in that tasteful songs and musically competent orchestral backgrounds, whether the words are understood or not, help keep the door open.

Sinatra's defense of jazz (which, in the 1910s and 1920s, was called by many critics "crude, mysterious, and childish") came at the expense of rock 'n' roll, which he called

> the most brutal, ugly, degenerate, vicious form of expression it has been my displeasure to hear. It fosters almost totally negative and destructive reactions in young people. It smells phony and false. It is sung, played, and written for the most part by cretinous goons and by means of its almost imbecilic reiterations and sly, lewd—in fact plain dirty—lyrics it manages to be the martial music of every sideburned delinquent on the face of the earth.

That obvious reference to Elvis Presley, Sinatra's main rival in popular music from 1956 to the coming of the Beatles (Presley had fifteen No. 1 pop hits between 1956 and 1960), is not only over-

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wrought, it is generated by conflicting urges. On the one hand, Sinatra uses the rhetoric of stigma and ridicule that historically had been used against Italians ("cretinous goons," "most brutal, ugly, degenerate, vicious," were common descriptions of Italian gangsters; "imbecilic reiterations" is reminiscent of the ridicule of Italian gestures and Pidgin English; even the "side-burned delinquent" conjures up the "greaseball" with olive oil in his hair). On the other hand, his overheated critical language is nearly identical to that used to discredit ragtime at the turn of the century, jazz in its early days in the '10s and '20s, and swing music of the '30s—all musics that overturned prevailing traditions in American popular music, that changed American popular dance and were rooted in African-American musical expression.

This was the conservative's cry for standards (literally, in this case, as the body of "timeless" pop songs is called just that). Sinatra, the rebel against the Hollywood establishment, was defending its virtues and its values. But when Hollywood began making youth films and Presley films in the mid-'50s—in *Blackboard Jungle* and *Jailhouse Rock*, two of the most famous such films, jazz was portrayed as virtually the property of "intellectuals," "teachers," "authority figures," almost a reactionary art—it seemed no longer like a bulwark against the mass infantilism and the bad taste that was, according to its many contemporary critics, rock 'n' roll.

And there were other clouds gathering over Sinatra's universe of hipness. In 1959 the television series "The Untouchables" appeared, much to the chagrin of Sinatra and many other Italians, who felt that the show was defaming in its depiction of Prohibition-era Italian gangsters. Also in 1959 the federal government was investigating payola in radio air play, which resulted in the downfall of one popular rock 'n' roll disc jockey, Alan Freed, but also in more insinuations about Italian gangsters in the pop music business. The Italian, and the loyal Italian family, became the subject of public scorn, cultural parody, and legal recrimination.

Also in 1959, in the city of Detroit, Berry Gordy Jr., age 30, was forming a record company called Motown. It was built at this early stage primarily on the singing and the songwriting strength of William "Smokey" Robinson, age 19, a 1957 graduate of Northern High School, and on Robinson's group, the Matadors, whom Gordy renamed the Miracles. (Robinson would always hold a privileged position at Motown: in the 1960s he was the only performer who was permitted to write songs and produce recordings, and he was the only performer in the company's history to become a corporate executive.) The establishment of Motown was the beginning of a new myth in popular culture.

II.

Virtually no major company in American history, and surely no black company, was ever so identified as Motown as a family business, and as a "family" for its employees. Certainly no independent record company ever manipulated so skillfully its humble, homemade origins as a mark of its distinction, its success, its power as a symbol in American culture. "By the time we returned in the winter of 1960, Motown was firmly established and running very much like family. Loyalty, honesty, and obedience were demanded and often gladly given," writes Mary Wilson of the Supremes in her autobiography, *Dreamgirl*. "Joining Motown was more like being adopted by a big loving family than being hired by a company," writes Otis Williams of the Temptations in his autobiography, *Temptations*. And Gordy adds his bit to this "family" business in his foreword to *Motown Album*, a scrapbook about the history of the record company meant to suggest an album of family photos:

> Our loyalty to one another and to our goals was so strong that the only reasonable description of that energy was something beyond business and beyond contracts—it was the sticking together that only happens in families. . . . Though we did not coin the term ourselves, the "Motown Family" was not a description any of us took lightly. It was how other people described us, because it was the impression we gave other people. It doesn't matter what really accounted for our being perceived as a family, but I can tell you we all believed that we were. We certainly fought and loved like one.

For Motown, the family myth resonated in two ways: first, it was particularly pleasing to blacks, for whom "family" and "unity" are nearly fetishistic affections and affectations, fraught with meanings generated by the memory of oppression; and second, it meant that Gordy was not merely a CEO, a boss, a leader, or even a visionary, but that he was a father, an older brother, an uncle, a coach, a teacher, a guardian, an authority figure motivated by something other than making money. This intense paternalism (Gordy's favorite phrase to his sometimes disgruntled artists was "I'll take care of you") probably helped the company survive in its early years. And the bitterness expressed in interviews and books by some former Motown artists and employees was exacerbated by what some felt was a familial mask for hypocrisy.

Clearly a part of the family myth was established by the inescapable fact that the company was family-run. "Fuller, Esther, Anna, Loucye, George, Gwen, and Robert all worked at Motown along with Mother and Pop. You could find a Gordy lurking in practically every department," writes Berry Gordy. "My own family was and is close," writes Smokey Robinson in his autobiography, *Inside My Life*, "but I'd never seen anything like the Gordys. . . . The Gordys took care of business, but mainly they took care of each other."

The paternalism of the early years, and the implicit sense of racial uplift and "community" fostered by the company's need in a racist society to have an identity of virtue and a racial "commitment," were responsible for the popular impression that Motown was not merely a privately owned enterprise, but some sort of loftier communal venture. Motown hired a number of blacks from the community during its stay in Detroit, and the company was integrated nearly from the beginning with Mike McLean as chief engineer, Al Abrams and Barney Ales in sales and promotion. (More white executives came on later, which caused tension both within the company and between Motown and the black community of Detroit.) For a time Gordy was able to manipulate his black and white audiences brilliantly with a "race company" that satisfied the nationalistic yearnings of blacks and an "assimilationist success story" that edified whites.

When Berry Gordy Sr., one of the many Southern blacks who came north during the Great Migration of the 1920s, moved his business from a rented location to his own building on the east side of Detroit, he named it the Booker T. Washington Grocery Store. He was paying tribute not only to one of the most important black leaders of the twentieth century, but also to a set of values and beliefs expressed far earlier in African-American history by such disparate nineteenth-century black leaders and writers as Paul Cuffe, Frederick Douglass, and David Walker. If there has been a myth of white American energy and enterprise that was generated by a history of national expansion, there has been a corresponding impulse toward black American nationhood built on the notions of black energy and self-sufficiency, an urge for separation partly stimulated by blacks' history of segregation and partly by an urge for achievement; and that urge to achieve was itself partly fueled by America's own preoccu-

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pation with success and partly by blacks' need to disprove their perceived and storied inferiority.

Booker T. Washington, Gordy Sr.'s hero and the institution-builder around whom this urge to black nationhood has received its most ironic articulation, was in a sense never really a Southerner. In *Up From Slavery* (1901), he informed his readers that his models were Mrs. Viola Ruffner and General S. C. Armstrong, both white Northerners; and his account of his labors in a West Virginia salt mine, his supervision of Native American students at Hampton, and his teaching school back in West Virginia give his early life more of a Midwestern than a Southern flavor. When "Pops" Gordy called his establishment the Booker T. Washington Grocery Store, he was honoring Western and Northern qualities, those signatures of bourgeois rectitude—thrift, Yankee ingenuity, hard work, business acumen, ambition, and a willingness to do humble, menial work.

Few families practiced more fervently or more successfully the Washingtonian ethic of success than the Gordys. Gordy Sr.'s father was a highly successful businessman and landowner, and a meticulous record keeper in post-Civil War Georgia. When he died tragically in a storm, "Pops" continued in his father's footsteps: "I always had money; I had money all the time," he recalled in his oral autobiography. His success, in farming and in a produce and meat business, led to his being forced from Georgia: he had too much money for a black man in the South in those days to avoid coming to a bad end at the hands of jealous whites. In Detroit he worked as a plasterer, a grocer, and eventually a printer. He employed his eight children in his enterprises and taught them the Washingtonian virtues of petit bourgeois accomplishment. And this set the precedent for the family business at Motown.

Surprisingly for a family with such bourgeois aspirations, Berry Gordy Jr. wanted to be a professional boxing champion, a pursuit one would associate with the scion of a more economically depressed household. There were probably two major reasons for his boxing ambitions. First, Gordy was born in Detroit in 1929 and grew up during the era of Joe Louis, whose family came from Alabama to Detroit at roughly the same time as the Gordys. Louis was more than a boxer, more than a champion athlete: he was the personification of black triumph, a symbol of black assertion and achievement in an age when blacks experienced rigid segregation and were beginning to become restive about their degradation

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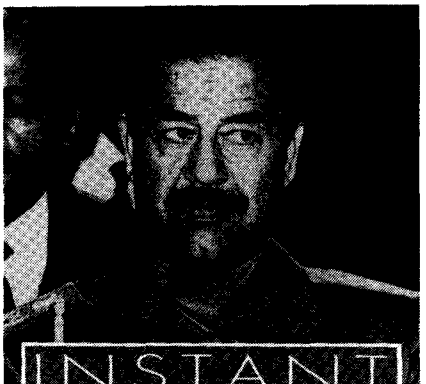

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and disfranchisement, and when the heavyweight championship was the most coveted title in all of sports. Louis had to have been Gordy's first hero, a homeboy who made impossibly good. Second, Gordy grew up during the Depression, when a greater number of boys from working-class, petit bourgeois, and blue-collar backgrounds (such as Barney Ross, whose father was also a merchant) went into boxing because it offered more money for success than other professional sports. And it was the only sport in which a black man might cash in big.

Gordy was a decent boxer as an amateur and a professional, but he fought in too light a weight classification—first as a bantamweight, later as a featherweight—to make much money. His failed boxing career appears to have affected him in that he quit school in the eleventh grade to box and never learned to read or write very well, which meant that his was an intuitive intelligence, something that stood him in good stead in the game of predicting hit records. And he learned that in any career the risks must be balanced by the rewards. He decided to gamble on music because the risks seemed more reasonable and the rewards more fulfilling, and eventually he came to epitomize both the "realistic" virtues of industry and tenacity espoused by Booker T. Washington and the "idealistic" possibility of an extravagant impact on American popular culture held out by the example of Joe Louis. After all, despite the nationalistic renderings given them by many blacks, both Louis, who was cheered by whites for beating white opponents and was an idol of World War II, and Washington, who ate dinner at the White House with Theodore Roosevelt and extolled white examples for blacks, were essentially crossover heroes.

After an uneventful and unsatisfying stint in the Army, Gordy went through a series of jobs during the '50s that prepared him for his apotheosis as the head of his own recording company. He worked in the family's print shop and with the family's plastering business, doing back-breaking work. In 1953 he married Thelma Louise Coleman, and with a loan from the collective family fund and his Army discharge pay he started the 3-D Record Mart, a retail store that specialized in jazz records. "I was always a jazz lover," Gordy said later. By now something of a hipster, Gordy had been hanging out in the jazz scene in Detroit and thought he could turn his passion into money. But in two years the store closed. Few Detroit blacks wanted to buy records by Charlie Parker or Lester Young; they preferred the rhythm and blues of Louis Jordan, Johnny Ace, Ivory Joe Hunter, LaVern Baker, Ruth Brown, and Faye Adams. Gordy must have remarked upon this trend.

After the store's failure, he worked at Ford's Wayne Assembly Plant. His marriage was falling apart. He began to hang around the fringes of the R and B world, passing himself off as a songwriter. With the help of his sisters Anna and Gwen, who had secured the photography and cigarette concessions at the renowned Flame Show Bar, Gordy met some musicians, including Maurice King and Thomas "Beans" Bowles, both of whom would eventually work for Motown (along with other black Detroit nightclub musicians such as the pianist Earl Van Dyke, the bassist James Jamerson, and the drummer Benny Benjamin), as well as managers, hustlers, nightclub owners, and other types who populated the subterrestrial world of black American popular music during the age of segregation.

In 1957 Gordy began writing songs for Jackie Wilson, another Detroit ex-fighter, "Mr. Excitement" as he was called on the chitlin circuit, who along with Clyde McPhatter came out of Billy Ward and his Dominoes, the most storied R and B voices of their time. Several of Gordy's songs for Wilson, written between 1957 and 1959 with Tyran Carlo, a.k.a. Billy Davis, became major hits: "Reet Petite" (Gordy's parody of Presley), "Lonely Teardrops," "To Be Loved," "I'll Be Satisfied," and "That's Why I Love You So." Gordy realized little money from these hits, as royalties for songwriters took a long time to appear, and in the free and easy world of R and B they were not likely to be paid completely. Moreover, Gordy did not publish his own tunes, which meant that he was at the mercy of the music publisher and the record company that Wilson recorded for.

Gordy met Raynoma Liles in 1958, a trained musician with perfect pitch who was to become his second wife. She pushed him into producing records—that is, into taking responsibility for a song's arrangement, harmonies, mix, and the overall structure and presentation of a record. It was Gordy's move to production that eventually led to a medium hit with Marv Johnson's "Come to Me" and a major hit with Barrett Strong's "Money (That's What I Want)," the first song recorded at the Hitsville building on West Grand Boulevard and one of the first on his own label, Tamla. Gordy's sister Anna had a label called Anna Records that died around 1960. In 1961, when Gwen, his other sister, married Harvey Fuqua, the former lead singer of the Moonglows and the man responsible for bringing Marvin Gaye to Detroit, he resurrected Anna's company through his own, Harvey and Tri-Phi Records, forming Anna-Tri Phi. These companies were soon bought out by Berry Gordy. They provided him with the Spinners, Shorty Long, Junior Walker and the All Stars, and (probably most important) a singer named Lamont Anthony, who, under the name of Lamont Dozier, became part of the famous Holland, Dozier, and Holland songwriting team at Motown. Finally, the novice producer fastened on a teenage group, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, that could deliver his sound to a young audience. Motown was born.

III.

Gordy had learned his lessons. At his job at the Ford plant, as Nelson George and others have pointed out, he was made aware of how production can be efficiently organized and automated for the highest quality. At Motown in the '60s, producers could write songs and songwriters could produce, but artists, both singers and session musicians, were not permitted to do either; and with this type of control Motown put out a highly consistent product. (It was in the 1970s, when the artist became both producer and writer, and the album became a "work," that Motown faltered; and Gordy's disagreements with Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Diana Ross, and the Jackson Five on this point were well known.)

Gordy probably also learned from the auto plant job that it was necessary to provide a series of attractive rewards and incentives for hard work, as well as an elaborate system of shaming for laziness, to keep his company going. A record company, like an auto company, requires an almost unbearable atmosphere of competition. Thus producers with hit records at Motown were given more studio time, and the others had to fight for what was left. The hottest songwriters were allowed to work with the hottest singers. This system produced an unprecedented ratio of hit records in relation to the number of records released.

Gordy was musically illiterate. He could neither play an instrument nor read music. Still, he possessed a remarkable sense of what constitutes a good pop-cum-R and B song, as both Raynoma Gordy Singleton and Smokey Robinson testify in their memoirs. Like many others who came into popular music at this time, he was, to use Alec Wilder's pejorative term, an "amateur." And what frightens the trained musician is the idea

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that an amateur can make music successfully by understanding music not as an art, or as a highly complex set of techniques, or as an elaboration of rules, but as a series of effects and gimmicks that can be manipulated by anyone with an ear and an imagination. For the traditionalists, the coming of people like Gordy represented a kind of deconstruction of popular music, its transformation into a contrivance and a strategy, a commodity assembled with no reverence for art or craft.

Gordy's rules for songs were simple but effective: always use the present tense, never overdo the hook, make sure the song has a hummable melody (which means, make sure that it sounds like something the public has heard before). Like the young white songwriters and producers at the Brill Building—Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, Carole King and Gerry Goffin, Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman, and Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, who churned out songs for groups and singers like the Drifters, the Coasters, the Shirelles, Ray Charles, and Ben E. King, and reorganized Tin Pan Alley through the overly orchestrated pop rhythm and blues of the late 1950s and the early 1960s, with what became known as the Brill Building Sound—Gordy did not write songs, he wrote records.

"Most Afro-Americans can't sing pop," said James Brown in his autobiography. "They may think they can, but they can't." While this may be true, it is almost equally true that if they cannot sing pop, they can be made to *appear* to sing it. Brown himself did this on early songs such as "It's a Man's Man's Man's World," "Try Me," and "Prisoner of Love," for he was surely no pop singer. If Brown's songs make the pop charts, however, then what is pop? Is it merely a technique that can be mimicked by anyone, a set of conventions and gestures that can be adapted by anyone with a sense of what the market likes? Or does pop music have an aesthetic of its own?

Among Motown's singers, only Diana Ross had a truly "pop" voice, that is, a completely synthetic voice, but Gordy found ways to make many of his singers seem pop. He changed some singers, like Mary Wells, from R and B to pop by making their singing less strident and less rooted in the black gospel tradition. On Wells's first record, "Bye Bye Baby," which she wrote, her voice is hoarse and harsh (partly owing to the number of takes), with intense melismatic flourishes and shouts, the sort of vocal ornamentation that would please a black church audience. Once Smokey Robinson began to write for her, however, her style became softer, her voice relaxed and sweet, poignant and cute, and her lyrics adolescent.

Robinson's songwriting was essential to Motown's early success. He had a great ear for love lyrics that were familiar but not clichéd. But what made a great tune, say, out of the Temptations' "My Girl" was the tension between its rather sentimental words and the late David Ruffin's strong gospel-fueled voice, which threatens to break out of the song's pop sensibility at any second. (Ruffin was, along with Levi Stubbs of the Four Tops, Motown's most dramatic male voice.) Gordy, like the Brill composers, encouraged Robinson and his other songwriters to use this contrast. The idea was to give the pop audience a pop tune with a non-pop voice. Holland, Dozier, and Holland did this to great effect with their melodramatic, overwrought songs for the Four Tops.

Gordy also took advantage of his time: from the early '60s fascination with folk music, to the mid- and late-'60s quest to acknowledge the sources of popular music in urban electric blues and early forms of '50s doo-wop, R and B, and rockabilly, there was a search for authentication and authenticity in pop music despite (or perhaps because of) its contrivance and its falsity. This "authenticity" is a service that blacks have learned to provide for American popular culture, though what was really being authenticated was the separation of black music as "race records," which was largely a political act to keep black music (and black artistic expression generally) popularly understood as a marginal phenomenon. Within a little more than a decade, however, the "authentic" music began, beneath the bourgeois and commercial pressures, to experience its own dilution and decadence, moving from a marginalized but artistically rigorous avant-gardism into an orthodoxy of mediocrity; and that, as much as anything, made Motown, and to a lesser degree its rivals Atlantic and Stax, a success.

In the 1960s the only other force in black American popular music that rivaled Motown as an authenticator was James Brown himself. As Bruce Tucker, co-author of Brown's autobiography, points out, Brown was not a product of Stax, Atlantic, or Motown, but a sort of free-lance presence in black music in the '60s; and after 1965, when he became a pioneer in funk, or a kind of extremely rhythm-based, almost anti-song, rifflike dance tune, he began to undermine Motown's "crossover" influence through new groups like Sly and the Family Stone

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and through his influence on a wide variety of established black artists such as Miles Davis, Jimi Hendrix, Herbie Hancock, and Motown's own producer Norman Whitefield, who all began to formulate tunes in the studio based on musicians playing counterriffs on an improvised bass riff.

Without certain historical and technological changes Motown would never have been possible. The technological changes are easier to list: the transistor, the long-playing album (33⅓ rpm), and the single (45 rpm), all of which were born in the late 1940s, and the emergence of television as a contraption of mass culture, which occurred in the 1950s. And Gordy had an uncanny feeling for the tinny-sounding car radio; he grasped that it was where most young people were first to hear new records. Motown records were always mixed to play well on car radios.

It is difficult to say whether these changes were the cause or the effect of the explosion of interest among the general public in music at that time, when it became ubiquitous through sound movies, radio, hi-fi, television, and the like, that is, once it became divorced from a live performance or occasion and could exist as a representation of itself. As Jacques Barzun has observed, music became "a passionate avocation" by 1950, a change in attitude that "amounts to a cultural revolution." The effect of the invention of the transistor was similar to the later invention of the microchip: it made electronic appliances smaller and cheaper, particularly radios. And the growth of portable radios had an enormous impact on where music was heard, and on the courting habits of people who used radio music for those purposes.

The LP became the "adult" record of the market (in 1955 Columbia Records started its record club, geared to adults with LPs of pop, easy listening, jazz, and classical) and the industry's best-selling format. But it was the 45 single that became the format for rock 'n' roll. It was not until the late 1950s, the time of the emergence of Motown, that the 78 rpm was phased out of the R and B market. This was an important event: black popular music and white popular music were now available in the same format, making crossover easier. (It was not until well into the '60s that these forms began to exploit the album format as an artistic concept and not simply as a repository of a few hit singles and a bunch of B sides.)

And, again, there was television. It began the dissemination of the new youth and black popular musics, largely through shows such as Dick Clark's "American Bandstand," which later spawned "Shindig" and "Hullabaloo," shows that were essential to Motown's success, as well as through such older variety shows as the "Ed Sullivan Show," which gave an aura of respectability to the music and made it appear more mainstream. Television, moreover, was the kiss of death for jazz as a popular music. Because jazz was widely used as background music for TV shows in the 1950s, it became lodged in the public's mind as incidental or programmatic music, or, worse, as mood music, with hardly a personality of its own. There were exceptions, of course, such as the cool jazz of Miles Davis and the Third Stream of Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet, and, for blacks particularly, the organ-sax-guitar soul jazz combos such as Jimmy Smith's, Brother Jack McDuff's, and Jimmy McGriff's, or the hard, gospel-tinged bop of Horace Silver and Cannonball Adderley. But for the youth of America, and for many blacks, jazz became a staid establishment music.

The historical forces that made Motown possible are more complex. But the significance of one particular event seems clear. Just as Sinatra saw the election of John F. Kennedy in 1960 as something portentous, as a signification of a new era, because, as many have said, he felt that he was delivering a president to his friend Sam Giancana, who produced 200,000 votes for Kennedy in Chicago, so too, for vastly different reasons, did Gordy. As Raynoma Gordy writes in *Berry, Me, & Motown*: "It was an awe-inspiring time. JFK was new and fresh, young and exciting. So was his wife. And we [Berry and I] were all those things. I'd look at their picture in the paper and think how romantic they were. Like us." At no time in their history did blacks feel more optimistic about the future than in 1960, when a young president's rhetoric promised so much so richly, when a young black Southern preacher spoke so eloquently for a brave new humankind, when it was quite possible, at last, to think of entering the world of whites without going through the back door of the culture.

IV.

One of the best black swing bands—one of the best swing bands, period—was based at Detroit's Greystone Ballroom from 1926 through 1941, although the glory years of McKinney's Cotton Pickers (Jean Goldkette's booking agency gave the band its condescending name) were roughly from 1928 to 1934. The Greystone was probably "owned" by the Jewish-dominated Purple Gang, which controlled graft and bootleg booze in Prohibition-era Detroit, a key city in smuggling foreign liquor because of its proximity to the Canadian border. And the new hot black music called jazz, as the early careers of Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, and Earl Hines can attest, became the central feature of the ambience of gangster-controlled nightclubs, to keep the patrons entertained and drinking. Led by circus drummer William McKinney and star trumpeter and arranger John Nesbitt, the Cotton Pickers became a particularly redoubtable band when Don Redman became musical director in 1927. And they built their reputation almost entirely in the Midwest.

It is one of the least recognized facts of American popular culture that the Midwest is responsible for most black popular music in America. From Scott Joplin to Roland Kirk, from Charlie Parker to Jimmy Rushing, from Curtis Mayfield to Sam Cooke, from Jimmy Blanton to Donny Hathaway, from the Isley Brothers to Brother Joe May, the Midwest is where jazz came in the 1920s when King Oliver and Louis Armstrong migrated to Chicago, where blues became a formalized twelve-bar musical pattern at the turn of the century in places like St. Louis and Evanston, where jazz redeveloped and redefined itself as swing in Kansas City in the 1930s, where Charlie Parker emerged from the Jay McShann band to reshape jazz in the '40s. Miles Davis of Illinois made jazz cool in the '50s, and Chuck Berry of Missouri reinvented rhythm and blues as a youth music. From Coleman Hawkins to Screamin' Jay Hawkins, from Joe Turner to Tina Turner, from Milt Jackson to Michael Jackson, the Midwest has been an almost mythical (but little remarked upon) location for popular music. And its three principal musical cities have been Detroit, Chicago, and Kansas City.

From Detroit alone, after World War II, came Yusef Lateef, Thad, Hank, and Elvin Jones, Della Reese, Little Willie John, Tommy Flanagan, Kenny Burrell, Jackie Wilson, Barry Harris, Donald Byrd, Aretha Franklin, and Charles McPherson, as well as all of Motown. Why did Detroit become such a postwar hothouse of musical talent? The answer is hard to pin down, but a part of it lies in the intense emphasis on musical education among Detroit's blacks. It is commonly believed that blacks learn about music in their churches, and there is a considerable amount of truth to such a view; yet secular music education provides as much, if not more, training for blacks who seek a musical career as

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churches do. From the turn of the century, when E. Azalia Hackley, a black woman from Detroit trained as a soprano, adopted the musical education of black youth as her mission, to the instructorship of such storied black Detroit public school music teachers as Ernest Rodgers, Orville Lawrence, and James Tatum, Detroit's black youth have been reared in a vibrant musical atmosphere in their public schools. The annual E. Azalia Hackley Program, featuring black composers and black classical performers, started in 1943 and has featured such noted black Detroit performers as Rogie Clark, Robert A. Harris, and Charles Coleman.

Consider this fact about Motown: the three major early groups of the company, the Supremes, the Temptations, and the Miracles, were put together and rehearsed at their high schools. They were not church groups. In fact, their members did not attend the same church, and in the various Motown memoirs there is little talk about the influence of the black church on the music. (Smokey Robinson prefers to note the influence of Sarah Vaughn, and Mary Wilson singles out the McGuire Sisters, Doris Day, and Patti Page.) Martha Reeves sang in her father's church, but she also sang classical music in high school. Motown could not have happened without a strong public school music education program in Detroit, even if many of its performers were musically illiterate. Its session musicians, its arrangers, and often its producers were musically literate, and nearly all of them were trained in the public schools. The music of Motown, like black music in America more generally, has been equally a product of the sacred and the secular.

And there was, finally, another cultural circumstance without which Motown would not have been possible: a remarkable crossover rise in the interest in black music, particularly in postwar rhythm and blues. After the war, big bands were passé because they were no longer economically feasible; and the invention and growing popularity of the electric bass changed entirely how popular music was conceived, as contemporary popular dance music came to be built around the sonic phenomenon of this instrument. The decline of big bands and of the power of the Hollywood film in the face of television led to the breakup of the music entertainment industry. Tin Pan Alley composers and publishers in New York were no longer the powers behind the popular song. The major record labels (Columbia, RCA Victor, and Decca, soon to be MCA) were being challenged by small independent labels, or "indies." Most R and B, as well as a good deal of early rock 'n' roll and bebop and soul jazz, was recorded for indies. As Arnold Shaw has pointed out, in 1939 the top ten pop discs were made by only three companies, all of them in New York, whereas in 1959 thirty-nine companies, located in ten states, produced top ten records.

Gordy could think that his own R and B indie could become a pop force because of the success of black-owned Vee Jay Records in Chicago. Started in Gary, Indiana, in 1953 by Vivian Carter and James C. Bracken, along with Vivian's brother Clarence, who became the company's top A and R (artist and repertoire) man or producer, Vee Jay became one of the most successful indies, and one of the most successful black businesses in American history. Among the artists in Vee Jay's stable by 1961 were Jimmy Reed ("Ain't That Loving You, Baby," "Honest I Do," "Baby What You Want Me To Do"), Dee Clark ("Raindrops," "Hey, Little Girl"), Jerry Butler and the Impressions ("For Your Precious Love"), the Dells ("Oh, What a Nite"), the Spaniels ("Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight"), and the El Dorados ("At My Front Door"); and it was to have the Four Seasons ("Sherry," "Walk Like A Man," "Big Girls Don't Cry"), Betty Everett ("It's in His Kiss"), the Beatles ("Do You Want To Know A Secret?," "Please Please Me," "From Me To You," "Love Me Do," "Twist and Shout,"), and Gene Chandler ("Duke of Earl," "Rainbow").

Vee Jay also had a number of successful jazz and gospel acts, including several of the sidemen from Miles Davis's mid-1950s quintet. Indeed, the company was generally more successful at pushing white acts and non-R and B and non-pop material than Motown. (Virtually every Motown excursion into things non-R and B or non-pop—the Melody label [country and western], Black Forum [spoken word, politically activist], Rare Earth [white rock], and Workshop Jazz—were aborted after small success.) But by 1966, when Motown was attaining the height of its glory, Vee Jay Records was going bankrupt: Ewart Abner, its top executive, whose departure badly hurt the company, was, like Berry Gordy (for whom he would wind up working), an inveterate gambler, and notorious for keeping accounts in his head. From Vee Jay, however, Gordy learned that it was possible to run a black-owned record company that could have crossover appeal, that could get its records played on white radio stations. This desire not to restrict himself

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to a black market was the really revolutionary thing about Gordy's Motown.

For the popularity of white covers (or imitations) of black rhythm and blues in the 1950s had conferred a mystique on the original black versions, which led many curious white teenagers to seek out the real thing. White teenagers were investigating black music. The cultural and economic consequences were large. These teens, with more expendable money than their parents had when they were teenagers, became a real presence in the mass marketplace by the 1950s. And in the '60s, when the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Yardbirds, and other British groups covered black tunes, including some Motown hits, the homage to the culture of another race was plain.

The music that was most likely to attract adventuresome kids, the music that the majors had white artists covering, was the work of the small independent label. By the time Gordy started Motown in 1959, he was not thinking, as many indie owners were, that having a white cover of their own R and B tunes was the ultimate mark of success. His idea was not only that Jobete—the Motown publishing catalog whose name was derived from the first two letters of the first names of his first three children—would be covered (which it was, to Gordy's fabulous enrichment), but that Motown recordings would stand up as pop hits on their own. Gordy insisted that his performers themselves recommend the company's songs to whites, and that they play at the better-paying white venues.

In this regard, the most remarkable album that the Supremes made was the *The Supremes Sing Holland, Dozier, Holland*, which appeared in 1967, on which the group sang the songs of their producers, who happened to be, at that time, the hottest songwriting team in America. A black pop group was legitimating the music of a black pop writing team, and HDH's songs were legitimating the Supremes. Nothing quite like this had ever happened in American popular culture. To drive home the point, Motown released the next Supremes album four months later, *The Supremes Sing Rodgers and Hart*, on which the Supremes certified themselves as interpreters of the great songwriters of Tin Pan Alley and the American musical theater, and tacitly certified their own songwriters as the equal of the American classics.

Gordy intended to cross over with the recordings of Mary Wells. He reasoned that a black woman would be less threatening to the white audience than a black man, especially in light of the intense sexuality of the "new" R and B and rock 'n' roll. Women were essential to the success of Motown: Raynoma Gordy as musician, singer, publicist, and song arranger; Maxine Powell, who gave up her own successful charm school and modeling business to tour with Motown acts between 1964 and 1970, and taught the singers how to walk, talk, and hold a microphone, and generally provided the acts with the groomed and polite presence that made it possible for them to cross over; Loucye Gordy, whose extraordinary bookkeeping and bill-collecting abilities kept Motown fiscally sound in the early years when record distributors were slow in paying and tours were not very profitable; Sylvia Moy, who resurrected Stevie Wonder; and Diana Ross, upon whose back Motown's crossover movement was built once Mary Wells flew the coop on her 21st birthday, after several No. 1 records, and was never heard from again. (Motown itself was a man's world, however, and no women were ever given credit for producing records. Although the company has a woman president, it has not been the most hospitable place for women, as was cruelly demonstrated by the messy ouster and pathetic downfall of Florence Ballard, the founder of the Supremes and their lead singer until Gordy decreed that Ross had a more commercial voice.)

Gordy could think of the possibility of not restricting himself to just the black market because the period in which he shaped his vision was generally the age of cultural crossover for the American Negro. Gwendolyn Brooks was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1950 for *Annie Allen*, and Ralph Ellison won the National Book Award in 1952 for *Invisible Man*. James Baldwin established himself in the 1950s as the most popular black American writer of his day, his essays appearing in the highbrow magazines and his books on the best-seller lists. Sidney Poitier became a major film star, and Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun* appeared in 1959. Jackie Robinson was named the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1949, one year after the Supreme Court outlawed racially restrictive housing covenants and five years before it made "separate but equal" public schools illegal.

In the 1950s, in short, the Negro crossing over to the cultural mainstream had become a national phenomenon, replete with policies and icons. But for many blacks, crossing over also meant a new kind of activism, a keen sense of nationalistic community that expressed itself in the idea of integration not through noble endurance, but through a persistent acknowledgment of claims. In this respect the 1950s also marked the coming of age of the black urge to challenge white racist hegemony, to "purify" the American democratic vision. In 1954 the "colored" nations of Asia and Africa met in Bandung, Indonesia, to consider their role in a world in which European colonialism was being challenged, and the conference of so-called non-aligned or Third World nations became the model for the African-American nationalism that Malcolm X, former street hustler turned Muslim, used in one of his most famous speeches, the "Message to the Grassroots," given in Detroit alongside one of Detroit's most popular bourgeois black Christian preachers, Albert Cleague, in November 1963. In 1955 Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white man on a bus in Montgomery, Alabama, just a few months after Emmet Till, a Chicago boy, was lynched in Mississippi for allegedly whistling at a white woman or asking her for a date.

Those were the years, then, in which America recognized, and cringed before, the social reality that would not hide itself anymore, before the reality of a miscegenated culture in which, beneath the mask of an inhuman racial etiquette where everyone supposedly was as separated as the twin beds in the bedroom of nearly every 1950s TV sitcom, there lurked an unquenchable thirst for mixing. And the "new" popular music helped to expose the false separation of America from itself, by revealing the culture's essential fusion all the more inescapably.

In October 1962 the first Motown Revue left Detroit on a ten-week tour, with the Marvelettes, Marvin Gaye, the Supremes, the Contours, and others. The bus tour took them through the South and the Midwest during the height of the civil disobedience phase of the civil rights movement. In May 1961 the first Freedom Riders had left Washington D.C. on Trailways and Greyhound buses en route to New Orleans in an attempt to desegregate terminal rest rooms and eating facilities. The Freedom Riders were beaten, nearly killed, and jailed. The Motown Revue, with so many young blacks on board that it must have resembled a Freedom Tour to some white Southerners, was not greeted quite so harshly; but the Motown bus was shot at, and segregated facilities and uncivil treatment were common. In 1964, when Motown released Martha and the Vandellas' "Dancing in the Street," urban riots were becoming the sine qua non of black frustration. Few blacks accepted the song on its face, insisting that it was a metaphorical theme song for black unity and black revolution. To Motown and Mar-

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tha Reeves, of course, it was just another dance song. But the music and the history could not fail to conjoin.

V.

The names Hitsville and Motown conjure up both the small town and the big city (Mo' Town, a friend of mine suggests), and in some way they encapsulate the range of black experience and fantasy in the American metropolis; for blacks came to the major cities, to Midwestern cities like Detroit, with great hope, a little like the way that European immigrants came to America. Entering Hitsville, or the Motown Museum, located in the same two buildings on West Grand Boulevard where it all started, one is struck by how small the place is, nothing more than a boxlike residential home set oddly on a thoroughfare only a few blocks away from the Fisher Building, the General Motors Building, and the Henry Ford Hospital. But the smallness of Hitsville brings to mind the myth of the black family: we are reminded by the intimate residential nature of the building that Motown was a "family," and we are reminded by its smallness of the cramped quarters in which blacks lived when they first came to cities like Detroit.

Within Hitsville, one comes upon the original recording equipment that was used to make all those hits, and one reflects that the machine was always a sign of hope, of liberation, for blacks, from the automobile and the machines that produced it, which, because of labor shortages, beckoned for black hands to operate them, to the camera, the television, and the radio, which, however waywardly, spread the image of blackness across the land and made the civil rights movement possible. It may be true, as the sociologists Stuart and Elizabeth Ewen have written, that "consumption is a social relationship, the dominant relationship in our society—one that makes it harder and harder for people to hold together, to create community." Still, as a mode of both consumption and production, indeed as a stylization of both, Motown probably held blacks together better than virtually anything else in the black national community other than the demand for equal rights. That is what the words "Hitsville" and "Motown" signify, finally: a modern black urban community of hierarchically arranged talents, a community built on technology but not controlled by it, on the American bourgeois principles of consumption and production, and on the Washingtonian principles of casting down one's buckets where one is. Motown was, for a time, the fulfillment of a philosophical and communal ideal.

Within the walls of Hitsville, through the photos and the clippings, the plaques and the album covers, one may piece together the history of the place. One is surprised to discover, for example, the number of people who have recorded something under contract to Motown: Ahmad Jamal, Sammy Davis Jr., Barbara McNair, Tony Martin, Pat Boone, Amiri Baraka, Stanley Crouch, Langston Hughes, Clarence Major, the Last Poets, Rick James, Willie Hutch, the Isley Brothers, José Feliciano, Albert Finney, Lynda Carter, Grover Washington Jr., Teena Marie, and Bonnie Pointer. George Clinton of Parliament-Funkadelic fame was once a staff songwriter for Motown, and Wallace Terry recorded portions of his book *Bloods*, about black soldiers in Vietnam, for Motown. One is equally surprised to recall that the company continued to be a major force in the 1970s, with artists such as Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, and Marvin Gaye coming into their own and with new acts such as the Commodores (from which Lionel Richie sprang), the Jackson Five, and Thelma Houston. But it was nothing like the force it was in the 1960s.

Gordy relocated Motown to California in 1970 (it became official in 1972), a move necessitated by the company's overwhelming success in the '60s and its desire to expand into the same lucrative areas of mass entertainment—original Broadway cast albums, Hollywood films and sound track albums, television production—as the major labels, all of whom are tied to larger mass entertainment conglomerates. That there is bitterness in the black community of Detroit because of Gordy's departure, that there is a sense of abandonment, cannot be gainsaid even today, twenty years later. The sense of abandonment was exacerbated when Gordy sold Motown in 1988 to MCA for $61 million. (He still retains control over Jobete, the music publishing wing of Motown, the estimated worth of which is between $150 to $200 million.)

What Gordy left in Detroit was Hitsville. The building became a museum in 1987, and the state of Michigan made it a historical landmark in 1988. It is a combination tourist trap and institution of memory, a little like Graceland; and it operates upon the nostalgia that the merchants of popular culture strive to stimulate in nearly everyone about his or her (or somebody else's) youth.

I visited the Motown Museum at the time of the Second Annual Tribute to Marvin Gaye, called "What's Going On?" It seemed to be the museum's annual fund-raiser. The tribute was held at Clubland on April 2, Gaye's birthday, but as Gaye was murdered by his father in 1984 on April 1, it was difficult to tell exactly what was being commemorated. Smokey Robinson flew in to host a fairly inept affair. First the winners of an essay contest were announced, a contest apparently open only to the senior class of Cass Technical High School (which Gaye, who grew up in Washington, D.C., did not attend). The topic was "What's Going On . . . How Do We Make A Better Community, A Better World?" Just the sort of grandiose topic that provokes a gesture toward social relevance and political awareness even as it blunts the possibility of good writing or coherent thought.

The winners were all girls, which inclined some in the audience, I expect, to worry again Where Have All The Young Black Men Gone? Then the show staggered through the musical performances of acts that ranged from amateurish to boring. The Contours, the main act and an old-time Motown group, were the intriguing finale. The group performed their two major hits, "First I Look at The Purse" and "Do You Love Me (Now That I Can Dance)?" And they also performed a truncated history of '60s soul: "You've Lost That Loving Feeling," "Your Love is Lifting Me Higher," "Hold On, I'm Coming," and "Soul Man." There was something disheartening about this compression of cultural history into a parodic medley by tired, middle-aged men.

The most focused-on work by Gaye,

The Hunt

The stubby, black-jowled dog inside me growls
and drools and warns and plants its crooked feet,
legs quivering, brindle chest staunched, and howls
until approachers back off in defeat,
although a brilliant poacher sometimes cows
my dog, my heart, its bitten hope, with meat,
flung viscera my tamed dog mauls
and then protects, guarding what I eat
while poacher raises rifle: he follows
my deer into my wood, calling me dear, fleet
beauty, and I run, wholly my wild soul,
while the dumb, bristled dog I too am yowls,
guarding empty gate and empty street
till hunter becomes me, and we repeat.

MOLLY PEACOCK

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that night as always, was *What's Going On*, the 1971 album that Berry Gordy did not wish to release, thinking it to be, in the words of a true pop music mogul, "insufficiently commercial." *What's Going On* was probably the greatest, certainly the most storied, album that Motown ever issued. It was a series of striking and dramatic arias that constantly evoked the family, particularly the father. Through occasionally trite lyrics (conveniently printed on the gatelike album cover, as was the custom of the day, so that songwriters might appear to be poets), Gaye provided a black Christian vision of despair in a world of war, drug addiction, environmental abuse, and racism.

The album is a jeremiad. Gaye made no record like it before and none like it after, with the exception of some suggestion of pop political consciousness on his sound track LP *Trouble Man* and the very flawed *In Our Lifetime*. His music was otherwise consumed by sex, a direction that both distressed and delighted the singer throughout his career. ("Baby please don't hesitate or I may have to masturbate" are the fade-out lyrics on "Sexual Healing," his last hit single.) Yet *What's Going On* is a perfectly realized piece, in which Gaye convincingly plays the role of the seer, even if his vision was partly drug-induced; there are reports that Gaye consumed "mountains of cocaine" in order to complete the album, and he was an admitted and longtime user of the drug.

On the cover of *What's Going On* we see a well-dressed, bearded Gaye—the first time he was shown with a beard, a cogent dismissal of his hope to become a mainstream crooner—standing in the rain, apparently on the grounds of his home. There is a swing set in the background. He has a concerned, even troubled look, the look of a prophet. On the inner part of the album cover, the family is celebrated with a montage of scrapbook-like photos, in which the Christian vision and the vision of black unity seem to meld. The photos are all the more strange because Gaye's home life, as a child in his father's house and later as a married man, was generally miserable.

"Funny," Gaye once said, "but of all the acts back then [the '60s], I thought Martha and the Vandellas came closest to really saying something. It wasn't a conscious thing, but when they sang numbers like 'Quicksand' or 'Wild One' or 'Nowhere to Run' or 'Dancing in the Street' they captured a spirit that felt political to me. I liked that. I wondered to myself, With the world exploding around me, how am I supposed to keep singing love songs?" But when Gaye sang about politics, he was still singing about love. His Christian faith was always inflected by his hedonistic inclinations, by the sexual desire that seemed forever to overwhelm him. And David Ritz, Gaye's biographer, is right to locate Gaye's torment also in his hatred of a father (a minister who was a transvestite, a wife beater, and a child abuser, according to Ritz) whose love he desired, and in his unsuccessful or unfulfilling quest to find another. Harvey Fuqua was one father, and so was "Pops" Gordy (he once stopped Gaye from committing suicide), and so was Berry Gordy Jr. Gaye was never reconciled with his real father. There remained only the intense hatred of a father who wanted his drug-addicted son dead and a son who wanted his drunken, cruel father dead: another instance of the expense of black males through their own self-hatred.

That night in Hitsville the Gaye tribute thrived—to the extent that it did thrive—on the past, on a tiresome and increasingly stale evocation of it. It is hard to tell whether a record like *What's Going On* lives today only as a consequence of our memory of its vitality. But the sentimentality about Motown is otherwise impossible to avoid. In Robert Townsend's recent film *The Five Heartbeats*—about a group that seems to conflate '50s groups like Lee Andrews and the Hearts, the Marcels (a homage to black processed hair?), the Flamingoes, and the Ravens with '60s groups like the Temptations, the Four Tops, and the Stylistics—the sentimentality is clumsy and almost unbearable. (The Dells, a group popular in the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s, were Townsend's technical advisers.)

The film opens with the Townsend character fondly recalling the history of the group. Perhaps the need for memory is more acute now, when many blacks feel embattled and diminished. But this film is more an unconvincing tribute to black male bonding than a film about the music and tradition in the community. In the conflict between fathers and sons that drives the plot of the film, the fathers or authority figures are killed or forgotten in the end. The guys in the group never talk about other groups they admire or wish to emulate. And without an articulated bridge of artistic tradition in the black community, without this liaison between fathers and sons being stated explicitly, the film's family reunion ending is worse than dishonest; it is utter and cruel deceit. Townsend's film never locates real memory for blacks. It captures only the barest echo of the vitality of pop cultural memory or art. The only authenticity of this fictive family called the Five Heartbeats lies, alas, in its commercial power.

Perhaps Americans, black and white, are discomfited by our popular music because it seems to serve no great ends except to make money and to provide momentary diversion. Perhaps whites are discomfited because our popular music, from ragtime to New Jack Swing, has been called by slang terms derived from its rhythm (ragtime, swing rhythm and blues, disco) or by slang terms for copulation (jazz and rock 'n' roll). Perhaps blacks are discomfited because they cannot find in the African-American origins of American music a high and lofty object, an aspiration to artistic greatness. American popular music thumbs its nose at the respectability of art while yearning for nothing but that respectability. This contradiction is the source of its strengths, and of its imbecili-

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ty, its cheapness, its nonsense, its incivility, its disregard of taste.

But music has many objects, serves many ends. And the story of American popular music is the story of American democracy at its best and its worst, a full revelation (in Ralph Ellison's words) of America's "rich diversity and its almost magical fluidity and freedom" as well as its "inequalities and brutalities." We have had nearly thirty-five years of integrated national experience in this country, and in that period the success of Motown stands as the most shining hour of the American black in popular culture. Visiting the Motown Museum, attending the Marvin Gaye Tribute, watching the Townsend film, listening again to the records, one is struck by the extent to which the memory of Motown, and more generally of its era, may be holding American blacks together, as we are torn apart by centrifugal social and political forces that frighten us even as they may, in the long run, bless us. In the dangerous business of judging American popular art, certainly, it is difficult to tell what was Armageddon and what was just a passing fancy. ●

Equal But Separate

BY C. VANN WOODWARD

The Disuniting of America: Reflections on a Multicultural Society by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

(Whittle Books, 91 pp., $11.95)

The current upsurge of American minorities goes under several names, each designating a different aspect of the movement and varied attitudes toward it: ethnicity, diversity, pluralism, multiculturalism, Afrocentrism, anti-Westernism. All these aspects have found lodgement in the universities, where their most vocal spokesmen are often concentrated and where students provide their most volatile followers. It was natural, therefore, that the current debate and concern should have focused first on academic questions such as who shall be admitted, what they should be taught, and who should teach them. And it is well that this should be so, for higher education is most immediately affected, and the discussion of the effects must continue.

In his brief and brilliant book, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is certainly not unaware of the academic aspects of the problem, and in fact he has a chapter titled "The Battle of the Schools." But Schlesinger is mainly concerned with larger and more lasting implications and their national consequences. The jacket of *The Disuniting of America* bears a subtitle, *Reflections on a Multicultural Society*, that is not carried on the title page but helps to indic000641e nature of the book, while the main title suggests its graver and wider implications.

The outburst of minority assertiveness in the United States is taking place against a background of explosions of the sort within nation-states around the globe. Those abroad are often marked by old hatreds and deeply entrenched linguistic and religious differences; they take separatist forms, and use organized violence that threatens the existence of the nation in which they occur. On the larger scale one thinks of the Soviet Union and India, and with many variations the smaller examples include South Africa, Canada, Lebanon, Yugoslavia, Ethiopia, Sri Lanka, Burma, Indonesia, and even the most recent liberated generation of nation-states, such as Czechoslovakia. History in the *real* new world order is made not primarily by what nations do to each other, but by what is done to nations by divisive ethnic feuds within.

Against this background of current foreign divisiveness and (until lately) in sharp contrast to it, Schlesinger brings to bear a historical perspective on the American tradition. He begins aptly with the celebrated question posed in 1782 by J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur in his *Letters from an American Farmer*: "What then is the American, this new man?" And he follows with the familiar example cited by the Franco-American author, of one couple that in three generations united in marriage American citizens of eight different national origins. "From this promiscuous breed," continued Crèvecoeur, "that race now called Americans has arisen." He follows by coining in the same paragraph the melting-pot metaphor: "Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men," a race that had turned its back on "ancient prejudices and manners." Crèvecoeur's *Letters* were translated into several languages and became a favorite text for prominent America-watchers of Europe in the next two centuries, including Alexis de Tocqueville in 1835, James Bryce in 1888, and Gunnar Myrdal in 1944. All of them marveled at a unique capacity of America, what Bryce called "the amazing solvent power which American institutions, habits, and ideas exercise upon newcomers of all races."

Americans themselves proclaimed assimilation to be an ideal of the national creed from the start. Washington welcomed "the oppressed and persecuted of all Nations and Religions" not as groups or ethnic enclaves, but as individuals who would be "assimilated to our customs, measures, and laws: in a word, soon become *one people*." Wilson echoed him during World War I: "You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourself in groups. America does not consist of groups." What with more than 27 million immigrants pouring in between 1865 and 1917—more than the total population of the country in 1850—it is just as well for the national welfare that the tradition of assimilation generally continued to prevail. America seemed to have made diversity a source of unity.

It is true that the melting pot met with resistance from time to time. Assimilation was not automatic, and ethnic enclaves were formed in metropolitan quarters. Foreign languages and newspapers persisted, and so did a suspicion that the melting pot was a WASP device for imposing on newcomers from other nations the dominant Anglocentric culture. And apart from European newcomers, certain oldcomers were held unassimilable from the start. Crèvecoeur answered his own question, "What then is the American, this new man?" in his very next sentence: "He is either an European, or the descendant of an European." That silently defined blacks out of an American identity. Later Tocqueville deplored the omission. The exclusion was supported by a consensus among whites for a long time to come, but for whites themselves—for newcomers as well as oldcomers—assimilation remained the goal. Even among the majority of blacks, down through Martin Luther King Jr., the fight was against segregation and separatism, and for desegregation and integration.

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Then came the growing cult of ethnicity, the passion for "roots," for ancestral voices, for separate and inviolable group identities. As Schlesinger describes this shift from integration and assimilation to separatism:

> Instead of a transformative nation with an identity all its own, America increasingly sees itself as preservative of old identities. Instead of a nation composed of individuals making their own free choices, America increasingly sees itself as composed of groups more or less indelible in their ethnic character. The national ideal had once been *e pluribus unum*. Are we now to belittle *unum* and glorify *pluribus*? Will the center hold? Or will the melting pot yield to the Tower of Babel?

Schlesinger readily admits that the republic, long dominated by white Anglo-Saxon males, owes overdue acknowledgment to the contributions of women, black Americans, Hispanics, Asians, and Indians, and that their demands have had some healthy consequences. What he fears is the "disuniting" effects of overdoing both demands and responses. In 1989, for example, the New York state commissioner of education appointed a Task Force on Minorities to report on a history curriculum for the public schools. With no historian among its seventeen members, and with ethnic representatives in charge, the task force denounced as "terribly damaging" to the psyche of ethnics a prevailing emphasis on Eurocentric tradition and Western culture and demanded a new curriculum containing four other cultures to teach "higher self-esteem" to their children. The report contains no reference to the ideas of individual freedom and political democracy to which most of the world now aspires. Such ideas, along with their unifying effect, are presumably too Western. Instead the report sanctions racial tension and deepens racial divisiveness.

While numerous groups have joined in to voice their own grievances and claim redress as victims, black Americans, the largest minority with the oldest and most tragic grievances, have been the most prominent. To them Schlesinger devotes most of his attention in this book. The self-appointed spokesmen whom he quotes are not presented as typical or representative, but as pacesetters and extremists. A black psychiatrist attributes white racial inferiority to a genetic inability to produce the skin pigments of melanin that account for black racial superiority. Another black psychologist contends that the black mind works in genetically distinctive ways. Some argue that biological and mental differences make blacks "process information differently" and prove the need for teaching in "black English." This explains black learning difficulties under the present system. The solution is to break with white, racist, Eurocentric culture and embrace "Afrocentricity." Leonard Jeffries of the City College of New York offers his people a choice between the cold, materialistic "ice people" who brought "domination, destruction, and death" to the world, and the warm, humanistic "sun people" and their intellectual and physical superiority.

The multiracial curriculum conceived by the New York task force has inspired similar efforts in many parts of the country. An educational psychologist, Asa G. Hilliard III of Georgia State University, who conceived the collection "African-American Baseline Essays," contends that "Africa is the mother of Western civilization," that Egypt was a black African country and the source of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Africans also discovered America and named the waters they crossed the Ethiopian Ocean, long before Columbus. Adopted first by the public school system of Portland, Oregon, Hilliard's ideas have inspired Afrocentric curriculums in Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Richmond, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., and other cities.

How fully and faithfully all these metropolitan school systems have followed the Portland example framed by Hilliard and his six collaborators I have no means of knowing. As published in a revised edition of 1990 by the Portland Public Schools, "African-American Baseline Essays" runs to a total of 486 pages. All parts follow the common thesis that Africa gave birth to Western civilization, and that it was the birthplace of architecture, mathematics, medicine, music, and philosophy—not to mention the arts and sciences in general, social studies and history included. The theory of origins relies heavily on identifying Egyptians through the millennia as black Africans, an identification that leading American Egyptologists consulted by Schlesinger firmly reject—as firmly as classical scholars reject the dependence of Greek civilization on Egypt.

American blacks are not the first racial group with wounded pride to seek comfort in myths of a glorious past. The Irish also claimed to have discovered America before the Vikings and Columbus. Perhaps it is because the wounds of black Americans are so much deeper than those of white minorities, or because contemporary Africa offers little but famine, civil wars, and police states, that they reach back so desperately to mythic antiquities for solace. Their purpose is therapeutic, to instill pride and self-esteem in black children. That is a misuse of education and an abuse of history, and it will not work. The trouble is not the teaching of Afro-American history or African history. "The issue is the teaching of *bad* history under whatever ethnic banner," as Schlesinger puts it, and goes on to observe: "Surely there is something a little sad about all this."

One of the sad things is a seemingly unconscious resort to a type of racism of which American blacks have themselves been the main victims: the theory that biology or race determines mentality, once a favorite apology for slavery. But even sadder is the crippling effect of the Afrocentric therapy on the children it is designed to help. In Schlesinger's words:

> The best way to keep a people down is to deny them the means of improvement and achievement and cut them off from the opportunities of national life. If some Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan wanted to devise an educational curriculum for the specific purpose of handicapping and disabling black Americans, he would not likely come up with anything more diabolically effective than Afrocentrism.

The adoption of Afrocentric curricula for public schools from Portland to Baltimore illustrates the manipulability of white guilt and the danger of taking paths paved with good intentions.

Reflective black Americans must often find themselves embarrassed by the present rage for Africanization. They know that Americanization and rejection of Africa has long been the dominant message of black leaders from David Walker in 1829 to Martin Luther King, who declared unequivocally, "The Negro is American. We know nothing of Africa." W. E. B. DuBois noted a "fierce repugnance toward anything African" among his associates in the NAACP, who "felt themselves Americans, not Africans"—this before he moved to Africa himself in his last years. Among outstanding contemporary black scholars, John Hope Franklin draws a sharp distinction between propaganda "on the one hand and the highest standards of scholarship on the other," and Orlando Patterson scornfully denounces the "three Ps" approach to black history: princes, pyramids, and pageantry. At least one black journalist, William Raspberry of *The Washington Post*, begs his people "not to reach back for some culture we never knew but to lay full claim to the culture in which we exist."

Other minorities—brown, yellow, red, white—each with its own separatist slo-

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gans, myths, and programs of ethnicity, have joined in the common cult of victimization, inflammable sensitivity, alibi-seeking, and self-pity. Hispanic Americans, increasingly at odds with black Americans, reject "black English" but promote bilingualism, another source of fragmentation and ethnic separatism. Minorities do not congregate, they self-segregate. Sometimes they are assisted in this on university campuses by administrations that furnish separate dormitory, dining, study, and social facilities. Stanford boasts "ethnic theme houses." Where Chief Justice Earl Warren held in 1954 that segregation "generates a feeling of inferiority," ethnics now hold that integration generates such a feeling and segregation is the cure.

A more realistic view of ethnic separatism is that it fosters sensitivities, resentments, and suspicions, setting one group against another. With more reasons for suspicion against whites than others, blacks may have acquired the greatest susceptibility to paranoia. Alarming evidence of this is provided by a poll of New Yorkers in 1990 that showed that 60 percent of black respondents thought it "true or possibly true" that the government was making drugs available in black neighborhoods to harm black people, and 29 percent thought it true or possible that the AIDS virus was invented by racist conspirators to kill blacks.

The cult of ethnicity and its zealots have put at stake the American tradition of a shared commitment to common ideals and its reputation for assimilation, for making "a nation of nations." At stake as well are Washington's goal of "one people," Crèvecoeur's "new race," Tocqueville's "civic participation," Bryce's "amazing solvent," and Myrdal's "American Creed." With this attack comes a contemptuous assault on Western culture in general as a curse to mankind. It appears, as Schlesinger suggests, that "white guilt can be pushed too far."

For all that, Schlesinger believes that "the campaign against the idea of common ideals and a single society will fail," and that "the upsurge of ethnicity is a superficial enthusiasm stirred by romantic ideologues and unscrupulous hucksters whose claim to speak for their minorities is thoughtlessly accepted by the media." It is his "historian's guess" and his personal conviction "that the resources of the Creed have not been exhausted. Americanization has not lost its charms." Whether his guess and conviction prove justified or not, we owe Arthur Schlesinger a great debt of gratitude for his reflections on the subject. ●

Man the Machine

BY JACKSON LEARS

The Human Motor: Energy, Fatigue, and the Origins of Modernity by Anson Rabinbach

(Basic Books, 402 pp., $34.95)

In the postindustrial workplace, bodies rebel when minds don't. Despite the apparent futility of the labor movement in the Reagan-Bush era, human physiology continues to resist managerial models of efficient productivity. Take, for example, the data entry slaves who toil in the bowels of the state bureaucracy in Trenton, New Jersey, whose plight was recently reported in the Trenton *Times*. To earn their $13,000 to $21,000 a year, they are expected to pound out 10,000 keystrokes an hour, and supervisors monitor their performance by computer.

"It's piecework, like in a factory," says a keypunch operator named Patty Burke, "only you don't get grease on your fingers." Instead you get pain in your fingers, or your hands, or your wrists—or you lose feeling or movement altogether. Burke finds herself unable to perform ordinary tasks, like opening a bottle of vanilla extract. She has had surgery on her right hand to alleviate carpal tunnel syndrome. "Some days I have feeling in it, and some days I don't," she says. Other operators report similar problems. "Sometimes I can't even make a fist, and there's no feeling in my right arm, like I had a stroke," says a 30-year-old man named Seth Robinson. The Labor Department reports that repetitive motion disorders have become the most prevalent job-related illnesses in our brave new "information society."

While workers try to adjust to managerial demands for continuous productivity by typing with one hand or poking the keys with a pencil, union leaders cast about for some responsible party to blame. The manufacturers should design the computers to prevent such strain, the state workers charge, or at least provide warnings; the supervisors should lighten up on their demands for productivity, or at least provide more break time. The real difficulty, however, runs deeper. It lies in the productivist obsessions that still possess our corporate elites, in the persistent managerial faith that human bodies can be turned into efficiently functioning mechanisms, whether they are producing semiconductors or processing tax refunds.

Neither the coming of a "consumer culture" nor the emergence of a "service economy" has dampened the enthusiasm of managers for a society geared toward maximum economic productivity, even if what is being produced is often distressingly vague. I remember laughing out loud the first time I saw a reference to federal office workers' "productivity" or the lack of it; how ludicrous, I thought, to apply factory standards to the movement of pieces of paper from one corner of the desk to another to another to the wastebasket. But that is precisely what is happening in the white- and pink-collar world. Factory standards *are* being applied. The secretariat is becoming a proletariat. Even at the portal of post-industrial society, the computer keyboard, the preoccupation with an industrial model of production survives and shapes the everyday life of contemporary workers.

For many years, liberal and socialist critics of capitalism were as wedded to productivist models as their opponents, as enamored of "productivity"—a word that refers merely to the process of making things, not to the nature or the purpose of the products themselves. One of the few encouraging developments in Western social thought during the mid-twentieth century was the criticism of productivist assumptions that was made by Horkheimer and Adorno, and more recently by Foucault. Their work was part of a broader reassessment of Enlightenment tradition, in either its liberal or Marxist versions—a tendency to rip the ethical veneer from the ideals of rationality and objectivity, to expose the rhetoric of progress as a mask for new forms of power that penetrated (in Foucault's words) "down to the finest grain of the social body."

Anson Rabinbach's book is an important contribution to this re-evaluation. It lends historical weight to a criticism that too often has been conducted in the empyrean realm of theory. It reconstructs

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an important and largely forgotten strand of the productivist tradition by exploring the rise and fall of "the European science of work." This "science" was developed by philosophers and social theorists as well as physiologists and statisticians, by Karl Marx as well as Hermann von Helmholtz. Whatever their differences, nearly all these thinkers were animated by the dream that fatigue could be conquered and the body made an efficient motor of industrial production. In piecing together this tradition of productivist thought from many scattered writings in several languages and learned disciplines, Rabinbach has performed a major feat of historical reconstruction. *The Human Motor* is a skillful and theoretically informed synthesis of social and intellectual history.

In evaluating the productivist faith, Rabinbach is less polemical and pessimistic than Foucault. Rather than conceiving the technocratic intelligentsia as conniving minions of Beelzebub, intent on reducing whole populations to dependence on spurious expertise, Rabinbach wants to maintain "the tension that exists between intention and outcome." In other words, the productivists meant well. Their measurements of time and motion were rooted in a "progressive" effort to define the limits of employers' claims on the working body. "If fatigue could be linked to the body's natural resistance to the demands of productivity," Rabinbach writes, "that correlation might also establish the need to reduce the burdens of economic expansion and suggest the way to achieve a just order of work and society." Apart from mavericks like Paul Lafargue, who scandalized his father-in-law Karl Marx by celebrating *la droit de la paresse*, socialists as well as capitalists "imagined a point of maximum productive output and minimum exhaustion as the *summum bonum* of modern society."

This historical approach allows Rabinbach to get inside his protagonists' worldview and to appreciate their argument on its own terms. But in the end, by bending over backward to appreciate the productivists' good intentions, Rabinbach lets them off the hook a little too easily. He fails to emphasize sufficiently the pernicious long-term impact of their tacit assumptions, and he overlooks the persistence of those assumptions in contemporary society. He puts the productivist outlook in a museum case rather than on the corporate conference table, where it belongs.

Still, he has a fascinating story to tell. It begins in the 1840s in France, when professors and other social hygienists began systematically charting the everyday lives of industrial workers. Their main concern was to ensure a conventionally virtuous, rather than a healthy, work force; and their horror of idleness was pretty well summarized in the Paris professor Pierre Foissac's characterization of sleep as "an enormous waste of time." This was standard bourgeois productivism, but around the middle of the century productivist obsessions acquired a new scientific rationale. Students of work redefined idleness as fatigue rather than laziness; the language of moral prescription developed a patina of positivist neutrality.

The preoccupation with fatigue stemmed from a new fascination with its opposite: energy. "Nineteenth-century physics discovered energy as the universal force present in all matter," Rabinbach observes, "capable of converting itself into innumerable forms, yet inalterable and constant." Germans were particularly responsive to this discovery. It seemed to provide a way to reconcile mystic and mechanistic strains in their intellectual tradition—a "dematerialized materialism," in the French philosopher Gaston Bachelard's words.

The chief popularizer of this worldview was Helmholtz, whose enormously influential lectures of 1847 set the boundaries of popular scientific debate in Western Europe for the next half-century. In Helmholtz, the law of the conservation of energy became the basis for an optimistic, monistic view of the cosmos as an immense reservoir of energy that could be harnessed for productive purposes. "Nature was a 'force beyond matter and motion' powering the 'work' of the cosmos." The language of *Kraft*, or energy, having originated in the dim forests of German romanticism, was dragged into the factory and shackled to the machine.

What gave the project urgency, at least for some observers during the later decades of the nineteenth century, was the articulation of the second law of thermodynamics, the assertion that some energy was always diffused or lost in converting it into "work." This notion of "entropy" countered the limitless energy of the first law and raised the prospect of "the gradual dissipation of energy into an icy, lifeless void." For the more cataclysmically inclined, the specter of "heat death" promoted ever more feverish efforts to increase efficient use of labor power.

Marx was sometimes cataclysmically inclined, but he was not terribly worried about entropy. He read the new physics in the 1850s, and energeticist assumptions underlay his shift in focus from emancipation through labor to emancipation from labor through increased productivity. As he wrote in *Capital*, "The more the working day is shortened, the more the intensity of labor can increase"—shorter hours did not necessarily mean less productive work. Here, as elsewhere in the productivist tradition, technology is the deus ex machina that will liberate the worker from drudgery without a sacrifice of efficiency.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the science of work began to open up issues of interest to the more philosophically inclined. Etienne-Jules Marey, physician, photographer, and "engineer of life," provides the key link between what Rabinbach calls "cultural and social modernity"—between the avant-garde and the technocracy. Before Eadweard Muybridge conducted his famous experiments in photographing human and animal movement, Marey pioneered in the precise measurement of motion through time. As a developer of medical notation, Marey promoted the triumph of technology over sense perception; he exposed the body's most intimate movements with (he claimed) "a clarity that language does not possess." He replaced the physician's subjective gaze with "the machine's unerring eye."

All of this was anathema to modernists like Henri Bergson and Walter Benjamin, for whom time was a subjective human experience that could only be distorted by subordinating it to external measurement. But Marey and Muybridge had more in common with the subjectivist avant-garde, in Rabinbach's view, than either camp realized. Marey and Muybridge thought they were using photography to depict a unified reality more accurately, when in fact they were decomposing the visual field and the concepts of absolute time and space, just as the avant-garde was doing.

This connection seems a bit strained. Rabinbach admits that Marey was far more influential as a physiologist of work than as a fragmenter of space and time. True to the Helmholtzian heritage, Marey saw the body as a system of economies of work, and many of his photographic experiments were devoted to developing a science of fatigue geared toward the complete rationalization of body movements. Like other technocratic reformers, Rabinbach observes, Marey focused on "an image of work entirely unconnected to milieu, class, or political interests." Still, the fatigue research he and his contemporaries began during the 1880s and '90s became enmeshed after the turn of the century in debates over industrial accident legislation, the length of the workday, the duration of

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military service, and the economics of deploying the national labor force. The science of work moved from the theoreticians' study to the laboratory to the arena of national policy.

Along the way researchers came to certain common conclusions, though they drew different policy inferences from them. It came to be an axiom, for example, that fatigue was "the sentiment with which we defend against monotonous work," as the physiologist Josefa Ioyteyko (Polish-born but Paris-trained) said in 1913. The question was what to do about it. For some, the problem was strictly physical: during the years leading up to the Great War, the German physiologist Wilhelm Weichardt tried to develop a fatigue vaccine. Others recognized the linkage between body and mind: psychologists like Hugo Munsterberg, seeking to steer between "reckless capitalism" and "feeble sentimentality," argued that workers achieved maximum productivity when they could see but not talk to each other.

But the bottom line was that the factory managers demanded a new pace of work, jarring and unrelenting. In 1912 a German metal worker who had spent most of his life on the land and the past two years in a factory said this to a fatigue surveyor: "After the weekend and two hours before the end of the shift I am already tired. But it is a different tiredness. Not tired like at home, when you work the whole day with a scythe or walk behind the plow. Here my limbs always tremble. And also in the country after work there was always so much laughing. Here you only see sullen faces."

It is possible to see the scientists of work as complicit in the creation of this grim industrial workplace. Even Max Weber, despite his brooding doubts about the "iron cage" of modernity, presented his industrial sociology as an effort to rationalize what later social scientists would call "the human factor" in the productivity equation. "The working human being will be as carefully calculated as to his 'profitability' as any raw material or coal in terms of its usefulness for the plant," Weber predicted.

He was right, but it would be wrong to dismiss scientists as mere instruments of the managerial quest to maximize surplus value. Unlike the American Frederick Winslow Taylor, whose time-and-motion studies were concerned only with industrial output, these Europeans located their fight against fatigue within a reformist vision of the whole society. "The human motor deteriorates, which causes injury to the worker," the French physiologist Armand Imbert wrote, "and the efficiency of the motor diminishes, which causes injury to the entrepreneur who employs it, apart from the social costs which must be borne later as a consequence of that deterioration." It was in the interest of workers, as well as in the interests of managers, to reduce industrial fatigue, according to Imbert and his colleagues, and often their surveys were used as the basis for proposed reductions in the length of the working day.

But this quantitative approach proved inadequate. "Increased fatigue was a product of the work-time ratio and not the absolute length of the working day," Rabinbach notes; "The real issue was not simply wages and hours, but control over the speed and tempo of work, over time and motion." Perhaps this was why Taylor's version of the science of work won out over the Europeans'. Taylor made no bones about standing on the side of management, no claims about transcending class issues and promoting social harmony. For once the American proved to be the tough-minded cynic and the European—for all his charts and lab reports—the sentimentalist.

The sentimentality behind the science of work deserves more critical scrutiny than Rabinbach provides. The key weakness in this European body of thought was shared by American "progressives" as well: a positivist belief that scientific knowledge could float in a cloud of neutrality, high above the sordid realm of economic and political power. This reification of science is the great scandal of Western social thought during the last 150 years. There is no end to the mischief it has created. It has underwritten a faith that technological progress is inevitable and beneficent, and a conviction that the chief task of intellectuals is to reduce "cultural lag" by promoting smooth adjustment to the engines of change. The consequences of this worldview are still with us, not only in factories but in offices like the ones in Trenton. As always, the labor force is urged to conform to the demands of "the machine," when really what it is conforming to are the demands of the managers for relentless productivity.

Rabinbach overlooks this long-term consequence of sloppy "progressive" thinking, this persistence of the productivist ethos, shorn of its reformist aspirations. To a certain extent, he is right to place the European science of work in the cabinet of historical curiosities. It is certainly true that the scientists' social vision disappeared in the trenches of the western front, and that the science of work reappeared after the war as a mass of sorting and categorizing mechanisms designed to keep human idiosyncrasies from clogging the productive apparatus. It is equally true, as Rabinbach observes, that "physical work no longer occupies the position in social thought and practice that it once did in the perceptual universe of the nineteenth century."

Still, all this does not justify his succumbing to the futurologists' fantasy that by the 1960s "technology was making corporal work obsolete.... Modern work was dematerialized work, work without the body." Rabinbach's acceptance of this half-truth leads him to neglect the contemporary significance of his subject. Foucault, thou shouldst be living at this hour. Managerial control has indeed penetrated "down to the finest grain of the social body." Modern managers are more preoccupied with their employees' bodies than ever before, more concerned with exposing the dirty little secrets of cigarette smoking, of recreational drug use and alcohol consumption. The body presents new opportunities for unreasonable search and seizure in the name of labor discipline. And if job applicants are lucky enough to get past the pleasure police, as employees they face a postindustrial workplace that has not eliminated threats to the body, but redefined them. Surveying the damage, one can only hope that the body will out, that paralyzed hands and painful elbows will succeed in resisting where minds have failed.

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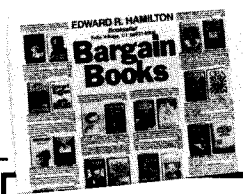

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GETTYSBURG DIARIST

Buffs

JULY 4 HAS ALREADY BEEN UNusually festive this year. Washington's celebrations began a month early, with 800,000 people cheering our lavish military parade and exhibition of high-tech hardware to commemorate the Gulf war. But the outpouring of patriotic fervor was a mere trade show compared with the frenzy in the capital, and throughout the North, 128 years ago. On July 4, 1863, the day after the battle at Gettysburg (and the day of the Confederate surrender at Vicksburg), cities from Washington to Boston erupted. GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEWS! proclaimed the Washington *Evening Star*. THE UNION ARMS VICTORIOUS IN THE GREATEST BATTLE OF THE CENTURY! Apparently relations between the press and the military were more cordial at the time. "Our gallant columns covered themselves with glory over and over again," a dispatch in *The New York Times* declared, whereas "the rebels fought with terrible desperation and obstinacy." And the correspondent couldn't resist a parting shot: "We mourn the loss of many valuable officers, but they have been amply revenged in the hecatombs of rebel dead who lie piled along our lines."

BOTH THE ROMANCE AND THE horror of war are easier to contemplate from a safe distance. I escaped Washington the weekend of the parade, and while the M1A1 tanks and F-15s were wheeling around the Lincoln Memorial, I was wandering through the hills surrounding Gettysburg, past the Virginia worm fences, the orderly orchards, and the monstrous rock formations that once were among the worst killing fields in America. The swaggering, corpulent Stormin' Norman has an undeniable presence, but he lacks the color of, say, the irascible Major General George Meade, who led the Union army at Gettysburg and was unkindly referred to by his comrades as "a damned old goggle-eyed snapping turtle." Or of General Daniel Sickles, already notorious before the war for killing his wife's lover—and for being one of the first to cop a temporary insanity plea, under the skillful guidance of his lawyer, Edwin M. Stanton. At Gettysburg Sickles performed another rash act, disobeying orders by moving his two divisions away from Little Round Top, and thus exposing his men and the Union's left flank to attack. Sickles's troops were crushed, and he was hit by an artillery shell in the peach orchard. A Union captain who was on the scene wrote: "A terrific explosion seemed to shake the very earth. . . . I . . . noticed that [his] pants and drawers at the knee were torn clear off to the leg, which was swinging loose. . . . He was carried from the field, coolly smoking a cigar." According to Wayne E. Motts, my informative tour guide, Sickles not only survived the amputation of his lower leg, he loyally visited it on occasion at the Walter Reed Army Hospital.

WAYNE E. MOTTS himself is a character right out of the Civil War. Twenty-four years old, rail thin, manically energetic, with a soft brush crew cut and a flair for theatrics, he issued battlefield casualties, military strategy, and wry anecdotes in loud, staccato bursts. Talking of the Gulf war veterans with whom he has toured the fields, he said laconically, "They're amazed by the casualties," then quoted Robert E. Lee's famous line, "It is well that war is so terrible—we should grow too fond of it." This seemed somewhat disingenuous coming from a man who makes his living treating tourists to scenes from one of the grisliest wars of all. But he is so good at it. At the peach orchard he started off with a story about General Henry Hunt, who was terrorized before the battle on July 2 when he was charged by a herd of cows. "Hunt later wrote that the frenzied cattle frightened him more than the Confederate shells." As for the wheat field, 6,000 men were killed here in three hours of fighting. "The field was so littered with corpses that a man could walk one end to another and never step on the ground." And there was the heroic and suicidal charge, ordered by General Winfield Scott Hancock, in which 262 men of the 1st Minnesota ran with fixed bayonets straight into 1,600 Alabamans. "After fifteen minutes of fighting," Wayne E. Motts declared, "forty-seven men walked out. The Alabamans were beaten back. The cost: 82 percent casualties." I also received a brief lecture on the rarity of bayonet wounds. "In hand-to-hand combat men clubbed each other instead. The triangular-shaped bayonet was hard to remove. There were 10,000 men killed at Gettysburg. I know for a fact of only three who were killed by bayonet." All of those PBS viewers who have had the Civil War filtered through the seductive armchair drawl of Shelby Foote should subject themselves for several hours to the bombardments of Wayne E. Motts. Like Sickles, they may have to be carried from the field.

IN MOST OF US JULY 4 EVOKES mundane thoughts about organizing picnics and watching fireworks. In my late friend and colleague Henry Fairlie, a transplanted British journalist, it invariably provided the occasion to write about America. The last such piece he published in TNR was in July 1988. A few months earlier he had padded into my office in stocking feet, dropping cigarette ashes across the carpet, and, leaning heavily over my desk on both arms, peered down at me through thick glasses and said conspiratorially, "I've done some research at the Library of Congress on European reactions to the Revolutionary War. I think it would make a good essay for the Fourth." The piece that emerged from his typewriter that time was "The Shot Heard Round the World," a lively and eccentric meander describing how news of the Revolution shocked the monarchs and thrilled the commoners across Europe. This year I remembered that his unfinished book about his trip across America included a chapter on Gettysburg, and I dug it out of his boxes of papers. Henry was fascinated by the derivation of American words, and at the end of his descriptions of the battlefield, he mused about the origin of "buff":

> My own reasonable guess had been that it meant someone who polished up his knowledge of some subject. Wrong. On the first occasion I had during our travels, I looked it up in a *Webster's* dictionary. Language is astonishing. Why can Americans talk of a Civil War buff? Because buff originally meant a New York volunteer fireman, referring to his buff-coloured jacket. From this it could mean any enthusiast for going to fires; and from that it drew its present meaning of an enthusiast for anything. I suppose Webster is right. But my own explanation seems much less farfetched. And if buffs are such pyromaniacs, why are they such dampening bores? Next time I meet a buff, I will hose him down.

Typical Fairlie bluster. Henry would have been impatiently dismissive of the buffs ogling the latest war gadgetry on the Mall, but he would have admired Wayne E. Motts enormously. He too was a natural raconteur and historian, and when it came to the origins and idiosyncrasies of his adopted home, Henry Fairlie was the father of all buffs.

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

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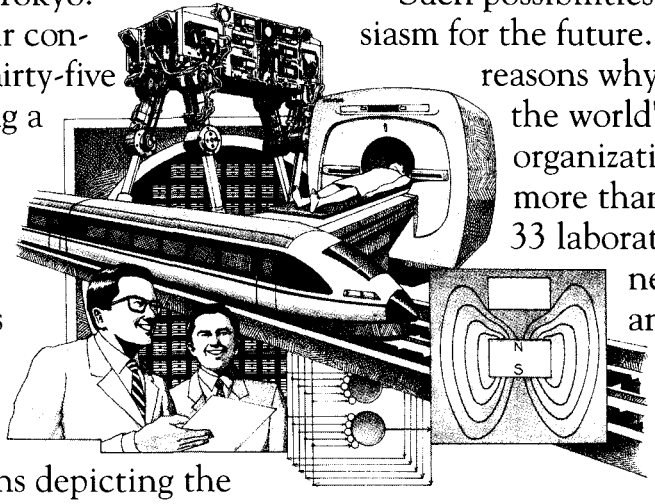
Creating Technology That Puts People First

Picture a future where commuter trains glide noiselessly above the ground on magnetic cushions, where teller machines recognize a customer's signature, where walking robots negotiate stairs and terrain as easily as people, where a doctor can see a heart beating beneath a patient's skin. Visitors caught a preview of just such a future at the "Hitachi Technology 1991" exhibition held recently in New York, London, and Tokyo.

The travelling fair contained more than thirty-five exhibits representing a sampling of the hundreds of new technologies under development at Hitachi laboratories around the world. Among the exhibits were computer-generated animations depicting the effects of tidal waves, water pollution, and other phenomena; atomic-scale images produced by a new type of microscope, and a Japanese-English machine translation system.



The technology displayed at the fair has immense potential to change the world for the better. Meissner-levitated trains, for example, could offer the speed and comfort of air transportation at far less cost to the environment. By eliminating the need for exploratory surgery, high-speed MRI systems would promote early detection of heart disease. Walking robots could take over hazardous tasks, such as cleaning up chemical spills. Neural computers capable of learning and recognizing signatures could eliminate the need for identification cards at banks and other institutions, making life easier for all of us.

Such possibilities fill us with enthusiasm for the future. They are the reasons why we operate one of the world's largest R&D organizations, employing more than 16,000 persons in 33 laboratories and spending nearly $3 billion annually. Despite its size, this effort has but one overriding goal: to develop technologies that will advance the standard of living of all the Earth's citizens.

We are proud of the success of the Hitachi Technology 1991 exhibition. We believe its many visitors came away with a better understanding of our commitment to creating technology that puts people first.

For more information, write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 7515, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

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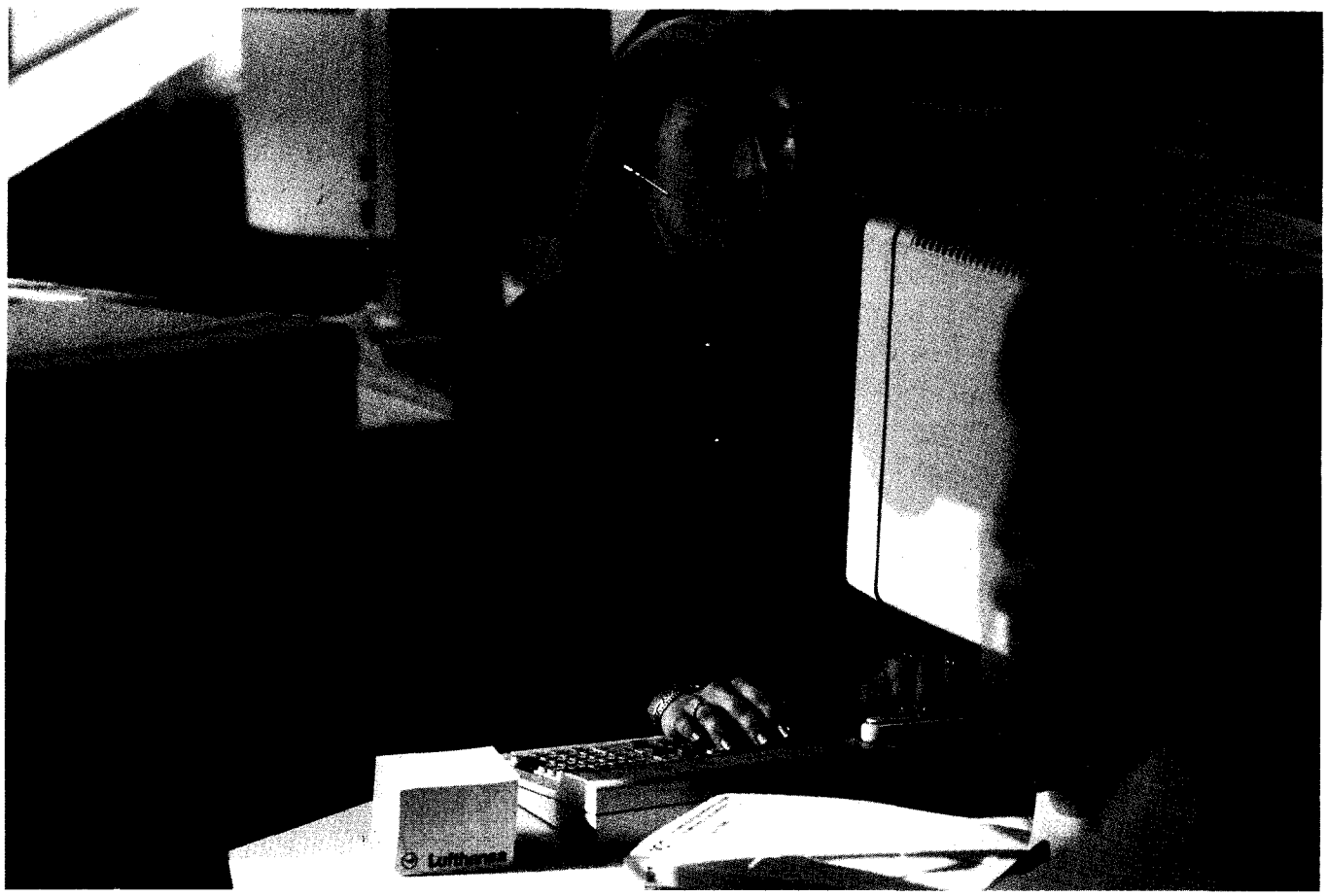
She'll get you from Sydney to Bangkok to Budapest. And even help you pack.



Linda has been known to go out of her way when she makes a reservation. She not only gets you from point A to point B, she can also point out the weather, and if you'll need a sweater for cool nights or shorts for balmy days. Or she might advise you to pack something formal for that four-star restaurant in Milan. Now, we don't always expect Linda to go this far. She does it because she wants to make your trip memorable. It's a desire shared by everyone at Lufthansa. We like to think of it as a passion. One you feel at 30,000 feet or before you even leave the ground. *A passion for perfection*℠ that ensures you the best flying experience possible.

A passion for perfection.℠

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